FBI in ACTION

10¢

JUSTICE

NO. 4

AUGUST COMICS

WE MADE IT! NOW FOR A QUICK GETAWAY!
SHUT YER YAP AND GRAB A GAT! ANY GETAWAY WE MAKE WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR!
NATIONAL BANK
DON'T SHOOT--I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING--DON'T SHOOT!
P.D.
COME ON, GUYS-POUR IT INTO EM!

THE CASE OF A LITTLE GUY WHO WALKED IN THE SHADOW OF THE BIG MOBSTERS, STEPPING...

"HIGH, WIDE and DEADLY!"

HE LOOKED HARMLESS ENOUGH, THIS LITTLE MAN NAMED JOHN PAUL CHASE, BUT HIS BURNING AMBITION WAS TO BE ONE OF THE MOB, SO HE HITCHED HIS WAGON TO A STAR — A STAR THAT WAS TO LEAD HIM THROUGH A HAZE OF BULLETS AND BLOOD, BECAUSE THE STAR WAS A HOOD CALLED BABY-FACE NELSON!

THIS STORY IS TRUE!"

* THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY

2819

IN THE SUMMER OF *1934*, THE F.B.I. MOVED INTO NEW OFFICES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, D.C...

BUT *ONE* OFFICE REMAINED UNOCCUPIED!

I SEE JOE LOWERY ISN'T BACK FROM CHICAGO YET! HIS TAPE IS UNCUT!
IT'LL *STAY* THAT WAY UNTIL LOWERY PUTS THE "CHAINS" ON DILLINGER! I HEAR IT'S ALL OVER BUT THE SHOOTING!
J. LOWERY
2

JUSTICE

AT THE SAME TIME, IN A DINGY CHICAGO RESTAURANT...
NOW'S YOUR TURN TO PAY OFF! BRING DILLINGER TO THE BIOGRAPH THEATRE TONIGHT FOR THE 7 O'CLOCK SHOW!
MAKE SURE YOU SHOOT STRAIGHT! I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MY OWN FUNERAL!
10:40! THE SHOW LETS OUT ABOUT THIS TIME! KEEP YOUR EYE PEELED FOR A GIRL IN A RED DRESS! BIG J. WILL BE WEARING BLACK GLASSES!
FUNNY THAT DILLINGER SHOULD SEE A COMEDY TONIGHT! IT MAY BE THE LAST LAUGH HE'LL EVER HAVE!
HERE HE COMES!
CAN'T CHANCE A GUN FIGHT WITH ALL THESE PEOPLE AROUND! WAIT 'TIL HE REACHES THE ALLEYWAY NEXT TO THE THEATRE!
ALSO SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS
OKAY, REACH!
(GASP!) FEDS!
D-DON'T SHOOT! I-I'M IN THE WAY!
NOT OUR WAY, SISTER!
ARGHH!
SO DILLINGER DIED IN THE GUTTER, EH? GREAT WORK, LOWERY! I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE FLYING BACK TO WASHINGTON TOMORROW?
NOT YET! I'LL STICK AROUND THE WINDY CITY! I'VE GOT SOME GOOD LEADS ON BABY-FACE NELSON!
FOR MONTHS, INSPECTOR JOE LOWERY WORKED SECRETLY, IN A SECRET HEADQUARTERS, WHERE EVERYTHING WAS HANDLED IN CODE! BABY-FACE NELSON'S TRAIL GREW WARMER! SUDDENLY, IT BLAZED INTO FIERCEST HEAT!
LEW! THAT CAR! I'D SWEAR IT'S BABY-FACE, HIMSELF IN BACK!
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! I'LL TURN AND FOLLOW HIM! HOLD TIGHT, JOE!

THE F. B. I. IN ACTION

JUSTICE

ALL DURING THAT NOVEMBER NIGHT IN 1934, THE TELEPHONE WIRES BETWEEN CHICAGO AND WASHINGTON CRACKLED WITH FATEFUL NEWS!
SAME REPORT/ JOE AND LEW TOOK AFTER SOMEBODY THEY THOUGHT WAS NELSON/ THEN THE RADIO WENT DEAD/ THE CHI POLICE ARE SCOURING THE TOWN!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
GET SET FOR BAD NEWS, BOYS! THEY'VE FOUND LEW AND JOE... DEAD! LEW WAS TATTOOED WITH A TOMMY! JOE WAS FULL OF .38'S... BUT THEY GOT NELSON!
HOW ABOUT THE OTHER GUY...THE DRIVER?
HE GOT AWAY! THEY KNOW HE CROAKED JOE, BECAUSE NELSON WAS USING A CHOPPER/ THE FIELD BUREAU IN CHI IS TRYING TO FIND OUT WHO HE IS!
WE'LL GET HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO!
MEANWHILE, IN CHICAGO...
THE GORILLA WHO BLASTED JOE WASN'T NELSON/ WE'VE GOT A NEW PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE... WHOEVER HE IS!
WE'LL WORK OUR STOOLIES/ MAYBE WE'LL HAVE THE MUGG'S NAME BY TONIGHT/
ALL RIGHT, TONY/ YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH FOR SIX PINTS/ SPILL IT... WHO'S NELSON'S CHAUFFEUR?
GUY BY THE NAME OF CHASE... JOHN PAUL CHASE! A SMALL POTATO... A TINHORN, SEE? FROM THE WEST COAST, THEY SAY!
HIS NAME'S JOHN PAUL CHASE!
VERY PATRIOTIC NAME FOR A HOODLUM KILLER!
WE'LL KNOW WHEN WE CHECK HIS RECORD!
NO RECORD OF PREVIOUS ARREST!
NO FINGERPRINT RECORD FOR CHASE!
... SEATTLE FIELD OFFICE CHECK DISTRICT FOR JOHN PAUL CHASE WANTED FOR MURDER!
HERE'S SOME MORE BLOTTERS! MAYBE WE'LL LOCATE CHASE'S NAME AMONG 'EM!
3

JUSTICE

A MONTH OF RELENTLESS INVESTIGATION, AND THE CLUES ALL POINTED TO THE SAN FRANCISCO AREA...
WELCOME TO 'FRISCO, SIR!
THANKS, RORKE! BUT THE ONLY THING WELCOME TO THESE EARS IS NEWS ABOUT CHASE! YOU WIRED YOU PICKED UP SOMEBODY WHO KNEW CHASE!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS NOGGI TELLS HIS AMAZING STORY OF A FLEA TURNED VULTURE...
COME TO THE POINT, NOGGI!
YEP! I KNEW THE BUZZARD! IF YOU'D ASKED ME TWO YEARS AGO ABOUT THAT HEEL, I COULD..
LET'S GET SOMETHIN' STRAIGHT! I TELL ABOUT THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHNNY CHASE— BUT YOU GET ME A LIGHTER SENTENCE!
CAN'T PROMISE ANYTHING, NOGGI! YOU SAY YOU KNEW CHASE IN '32?
YEP! I WAS WITH BRYAN'S MOB BACK IN '32 WHEN BRYAN INTRODUCED CHASE! BRYAN WAS RUNNIN' RUM IN THEM DAYS!
MEET THE NEW ADDITION! HIS NAME IS CHASE! MEET THE GANG!
WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? SCARE THE CROWS AWAY?
DON'T BE A FOOL! WHO WOULD BE SCARED OF HIM? JOHNNY'S GONNA SCRUB THE FLOORS, AND KEEP THE ENGINES IN TUNE!
SHAKE, JOHNNY, OLD PAL!
S-SURE! OWWW!
CLUMSY ON YER PINS, AIN'T YUH? PUT 'ER THERE!
OUCHHH!
ME NEXT!
4

THE F. B. I. IN ACTION

JUSTICE

WE SAW RIGHT OFF CHASE WAS A DUMMY, A CHUMP! WE SURE GREETED HIM THAT NIGHT!
YA GOT A FLY IN YER EYE, CHASE... I'LL SWAT IT! HEH, HEH!
YIIII!

IT TURNED OUT THERE WAS ONE THING THE MOOCHER WAS GOOD FOR...HE WAS A HOUDINI WITH ENGINES!
IT'S FIXED, MR. BRYAN! SHE'LL RUN O.K., NOW!
DON'T KNOW HOW HE DOES IT, BOSS! WE THOUGHT IT WAS DEAD!

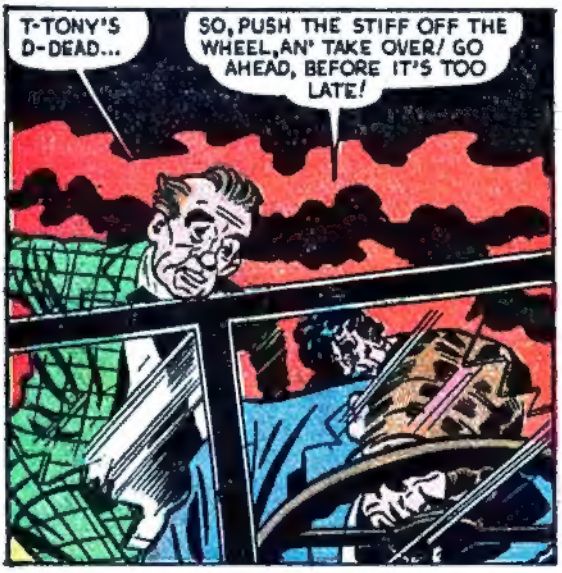
I HEARD THIS AIN'T THE FIRST RUNNER YOU PATCHED, JOHNNY! I AIN'T UNGRATEFUL! I'LL GIVE YOU A FIN MORE EVERY WEEK!
T-THANKS, MR. BRYAN! BUT... INSTEAD... COULDN'T I FILL IN WHEN YOU RUN THE GOODS—JUST ONCE?
SURE! GIVE THE WEASEL SOME AIR!

AIN'T IT WONDERFUL? I'M DRIVING ALKI JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE! I'M IN THE BIG-TIME!
YEAH? WELL, MAYBE YOU'LL SOON BE OUT OF IT! THERE'S A C.G. HEADED THIS WAY! PASS OUT THEM RODS!

THE F. B. I. IN ACTION

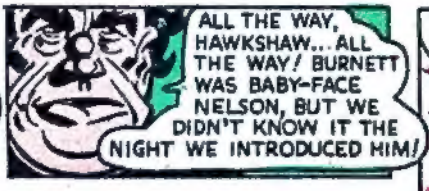
SURRENDER, OR WE SINK YOU!
W-WEASEL, BLOW OUT THAT LIGHT, 'AN WE'LL LOSE 'EM IN THE DARK/ TAKE THE CHOPPER...IT'S OUR ONE C-CHANCE!
I'LL TRY, FATS!

IT JUMPS... IT'S HARD T-TO HOLD...
CRASH!
YOU DONE IT! YOU BLEW IT OUT! TELL TONY TO GET GOIN'! THEY'LL NEVER HIT US NOW!


T-TONY'S D-DEAD...
SO, PUSH THE STIFF OFF THE WHEEL, AN' TAKE OVER! GO AHEAD, BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

P-PUSH HIM? I...I...OHHHH!
I KNEW THAT SHOOTIN' WAS AN ACCIDENT! I HAVE TO DO THIS SOLO! THAT BUTTERCUP!

WELL, WE HAD CHASE TABBED RIGHT! CHASE WENT BACK TO SCRUBBIN' FLOORS AND FIXIN' MOTORS! THAT IS, UNTIL JIMMY BURNETT CAME ALONG!
WHO'S JIMMY BURNETT? HOW DOES HE FIGURE?


ALL THE WAY, HAWKSHAW... ALL THE WAY! BURNETT WAS BABY-FACE NELSON, BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW IT THE NIGHT WE INTRODUCED HIM!

WHAT'RE YA DOIN', BOSS, ROBBIN' THE CRADLE WITH THAT PANTYWAIST? AIN'T CHASE BAD ENOUGH?
REPEAT THAT, PIKER!

YOU'RE A PANTYWAIST.. UGHHHH!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID!

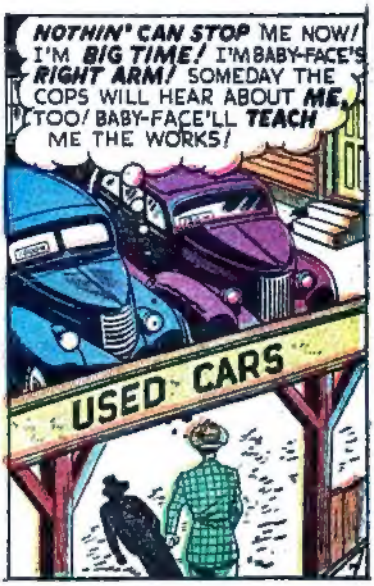
JUSTICE

WHO'S NEXT? WHO ELSE THINKS I'M A CREAM-PUFF? ...NO MORE BIG MOUTHS, EH?
ATTABOY, BURNETT! YOU GOT THEM SLUGS HYPNOTIZED!
CHASE STUCK TO BURNETT LIKE A SUCKER TO A SHARK! HE BECAME BURNETT'S ERRAND BOY!
IF NOT FOR ME, THAT TUB'D BE AT THE BOTTOM OF OAKLAND BAY! GIVE US ANOTHER BEER, SHRIMP!
YOU BET, JIMMY! ALL YOU CAN HOLD!

"ONE NIGHT, I'M READING A DETECTIVE MAGAZINE, WHEN I GET THE SHOCK OF MY LIFE!"
HOLY SMOKE! YOU KNOW WHO THAT "BURNETT" GUY IS? BABY-FACE NELSON! HE CRASHED THE PRISON AT JOLIET! THERE'S A $5000 REWARD OUT FOR HIM!
ESCAPED FROM JOLIET WHILE SERVING SECON TERM FOR ARMED ROBBERY — $5000 REWARD!
LET'S TURN THE HEAT ON THAT NO GOOD HORN-TOOTER! WE'LL SPLIT THE REWARD!
WHY NOT? I HATE THAT FLANNEL-MOUTH!
JIMMY BETTER KNOW ABOUT THIS!

SURE, I CAN PACK FAST! BUT HOW'LL WE GET OUT OF FRISCO?
STOP WORRYIN'! WE'LL GET OUT! GET A CAR, SHRIMP!
OKAY, BOSS! BUT WILL YA TAKE ME WITH YOU?

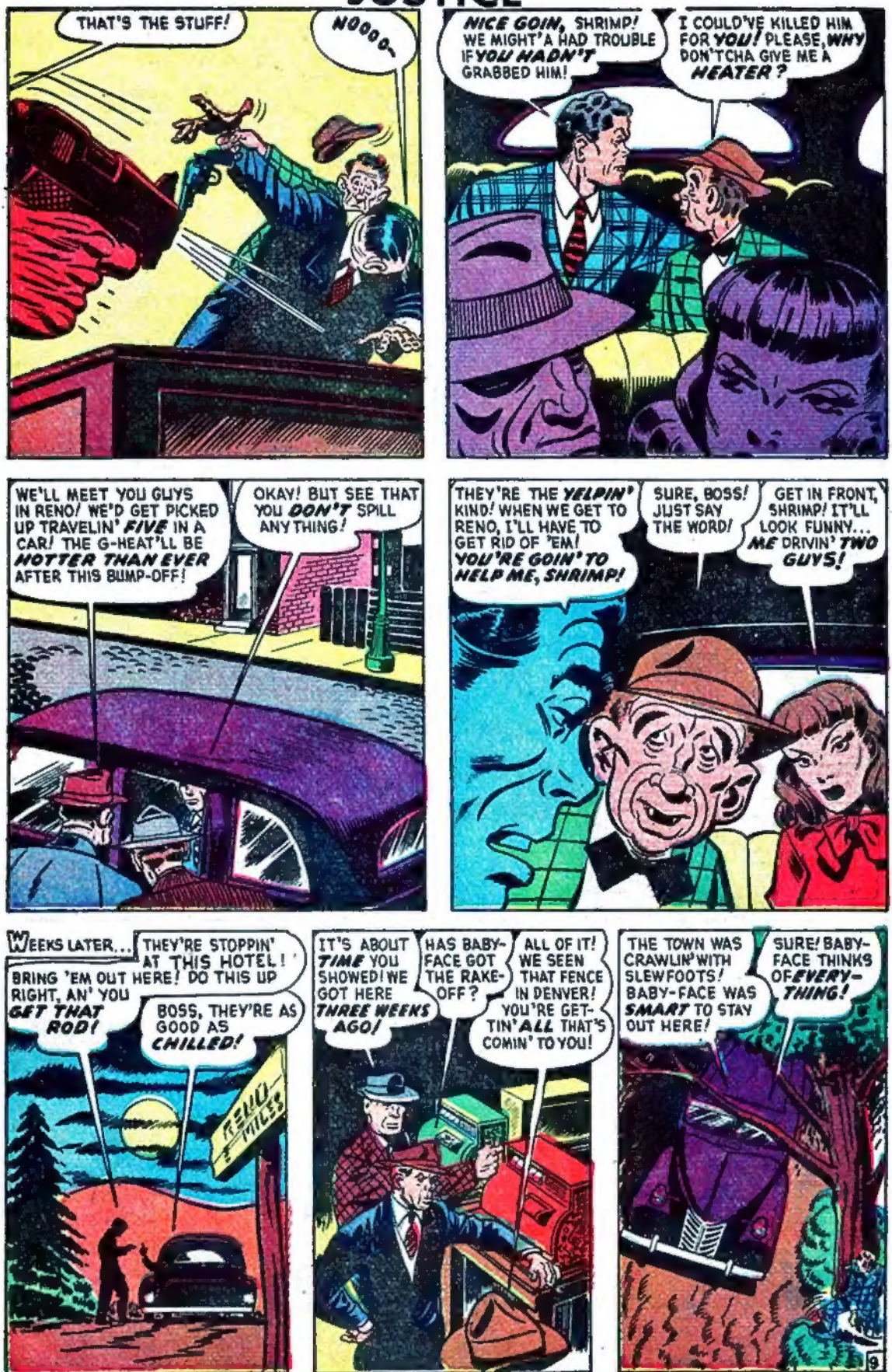
ALL MY LIFE I'VE BEEN WANTIN' TO TIE UP WITH A GUY LIKE YOU, BABY-FACE! I'LL HELP YOU! I'LL GET CARS FOR YOU... FOOD... ANYTHING... JUST TAKE ME ALONG!
OKAY, SHRIMP! YOU MIGHT COME IN HANDY AT THAT!


NOTHIN' CAN STOP ME NOW! I'M BIG TIME! I'M BABY-FACE'S RIGHT ARM! SOMEDAY THE COPS WILL HEAR ABOUT ME, TOO! BABY-FACE'LL TEACH ME THE WORKS!
USED CARS

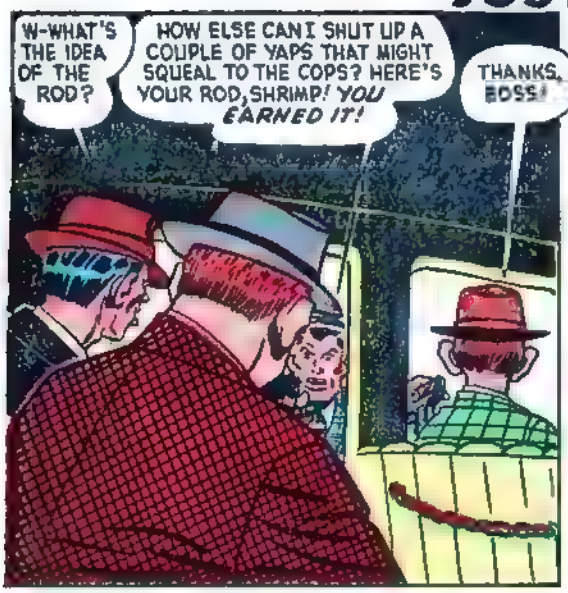
JUSTICE

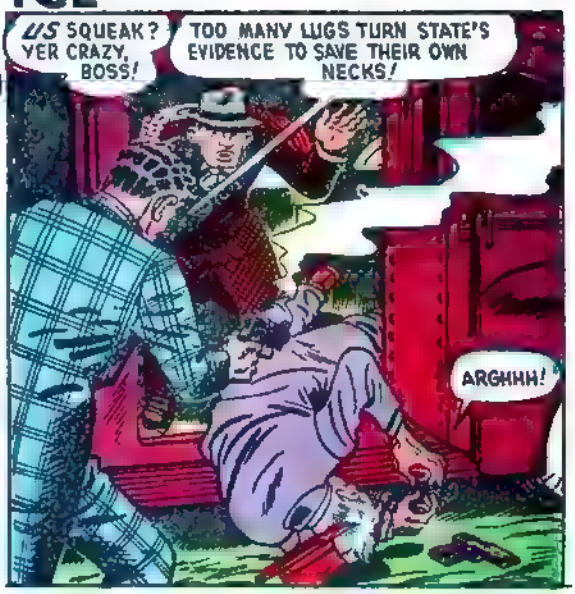
YOU PREFER THE INSTALLMENT PLAN? THE DOWN PAYMENT WILL BE FIFTY DOLLARS! WE'LL LOOK FOR THE OTHER PAYMENTS EVERY TWO WEEKS!
SURE, LOOK FOR 'EM—BUT TRY TO FIND 'EM! HEH-HEH! WHAT SUCKERS THESE SQUARE JOHNS ARE!
MINNEAPOLIS, SHRIMP! I'M ARRIVING A LITTLE SOONER THAN I FIGURED! BUT MY GANG'S THERE... WAITIN' FOR ME!
HIS GANG! GOSH, ME... JOHN PAUL CHASE... PART OF HIS GANG NOW!
"BUT IN MINNEAPOLIS, NELSON SUFFERED A DISAPPOINTMENT!"
THEY NABBED EVERYBODY BUT US, BOSS!
JERKS! WHY COULDN'T YOU WAIT FOR ME? NOW, WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH GUYS TO HOLD A TEA PARTY!
YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ME, BABY-FACE! I CAN HELP OUT!
SURE, SHRIMP! WHEN I'M READY FOR THE BOOBY HATCH! YOU STICK TO DRIVIN'!
HIM, CARRY A GUN? WHY THE YAP'D START SHOOTIN' WITH THE WRONG END!
A-ANYTHIN' YOU SAY, BOSS! (CHOKE!)
"CHASE ATE HIS HEART OUT, WHILE NELSON PULLED EVERY JOB WITHOUT HIM! ONE TIME, THOUGH, NELSON HAD TO USE AN EXTRA MAN!"
REMEMBER, DON'T DO NOTHIN'! DON'T GET IN OUR WAY! JUST MAKE BELIEVE YOU GOT A ROD IN YOUR POCKET!
GOTCHA, BOSS!
JEWELRY
HOIST 'EM! THE SAP THAT MOVES, GETS IT!
BOSS! HE'S GOIN' FER SOMETHIN'!
(GASP) L-LET-GO!
BOSS! I... I CAN'T HOLD HIM! HE'S BIGGER THAN ME!
JUST TWIST HIM AROUND!
8

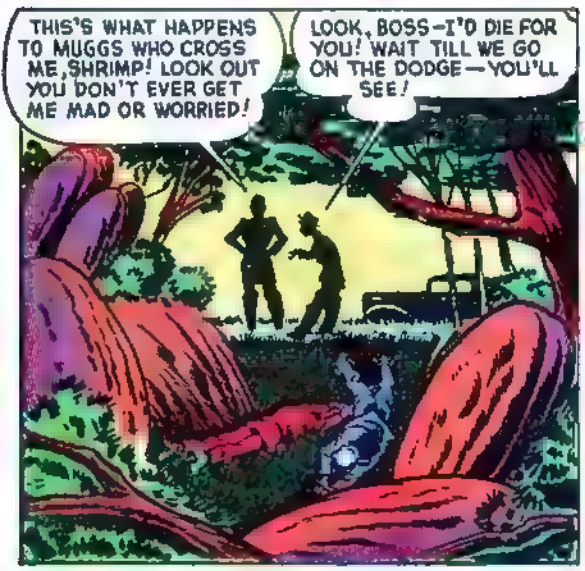
JUSTICE


THAT'S THE STUFF!
NOOOO-
NICE GOIN, SHRIMP! WE MIGHT'A HAD TROUBLE IF YOU HADN'T GRABBED HIM!
I COULD'VE KILLED HIM FOR YOU! PLEASE, WHY DON'TCHA GIVE ME A HEATER?
WE'LL MEET YOU GUYS IN RENO! WE'D GET PICKED UP TRAVELIN' FIVE IN A CAR! THE G-HEAT'LL BE HOTTER THAN EVER AFTER THIS BUMP-OFF!
OKAY! BUT SEE THAT YOU DON'T SPILL ANYTHING!
THEY'RE THE YELPIN' KIND! WHEN WE GET TO RENO, I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF 'EM! YOU'RE GOIN' TO HELP ME, SHRIMP!
SURE, BOSS! JUST SAY THE WORD!
GET IN FRONT, SHRIMP! IT'LL LOOK FUNNY... ME DRIVIN' TWO GUYS!
WEEKS LATER...
THEY'RE STOPPIN' AT THIS HOTEL! BRING 'EM OUT HERE! DO THIS UP RIGHT, AN' YOU GET THAT ROD!
BOSS, THEY'RE AS GOOD AS CHILLED!
RENO 3 MILES
IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED! WE GOT HERE THREE WEEKS AGO!
HAS BABY-FACE GOT THE RAKE-OFF?
ALL OF IT! WE SEEN THAT FENCE IN DENVER! YOU'RE GET-TIN' ALL THAT'S COMIN' TO YOU!
THE TOWN WAS CRAWLIN' WITH SLEWFOOTS! BABY-FACE WAS SMART TO STAY OUT HERE!
SURE! BABY-FACE THINKS OF EVERY-THING!

JUSTICE


W-WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE ROD?
HOW ELSE CAN I SHUT UP A COUPLE OF YAPS THAT MIGHT SQUEAL TO THE COPS? HERE'S YOUR ROD, SHRIMP! YOU EARNED IT!
THANKS, BOSS!




THIS'S WHAT HAPPENS TO MUGGS WHO CROSS ME, SHRIMP! LOOK OUT YOU DON'T EVER GET ME MAD OR WORRIED!
LOOK, BOSS—I'D DIE FOR YOU! WAIT TILL WE GO ON THE DODGE—YOU'LL SEE!

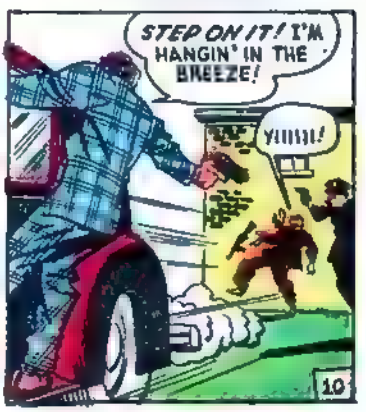
THAT LITTLE FLEA WAS WORTH A MILLION BUCKS TO BABY-FACE! WHILE BIG BOY WAS HIDING OUT, THE SIMP BROUGHT HIM FOOD, GUNS AND AMMO, NEW CARS WHEN THE OTHER CRATES GOT HOT!
HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, NOGGI?

"WELL, WHEN NELSON WENT TO LITTLE BOHEMIA IN APRIL, 1934, TO JOIN DILLINGER ON A HOLIDAY, THE WEASEL WASN'T INVITED! THE WEASEL CAME BACK TO 'FRISCO! I RAN INTO HIM IN A BUCKET SHOP IN VALLEJO! HE WAS BLUE AS A NINE DAY OLD STIFF...

"CHASE DOES A SOBBIE FOR HOURS... HE LEAVES OUT NOTHIN'!"

I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO MEET DILLINGER... JUST TO STAY HERE AND WATCH FER A CODE MESSAGE IN THE RAGS WHEN TO JOIN HIM... (SOB)...
SURE! LET'S FACE IT, CHASE, YER A SUCKER!

"YOU BLOODHOUNDS REMEMBER LITTLE BOHEMIA, DON'TCHA? THAT'S WHERE YOU SHOT UP DILLINGER'S VACATION SPOT! ALSO WHERE BABY-FACE IRONED OUT THAT FED NAMED BROGAN, WHEN THEY RAN THE GAUNTLET!"



JUSTICE

"TWO DAYS LATER..."

THERE IT IS! SEE THAT THIRD AD IN THE PERSONAL COLUMN? IT'S IN CODE! BABY-FACE NEEDS ME! HE'S STUCK IN CHI! HE WANTS ME TO PLANE OUT!
YOU AIN'T GOIN' AFTER THE WAY HE TREATED YOU?

SURE, I'M GOIN'! BABY-FACE IS BIG TIME! IF YOU'RE SMART, YOU'LL WORK FOR HIM, TOO! WE CAN USE HELP ON THE WEST COAST! WHAT D' YOU SAY?
OKAY, I AIN'T DOIN' MUCH THESE DAYS! JUST TELL ME HOW YOUR CODE WORKS!

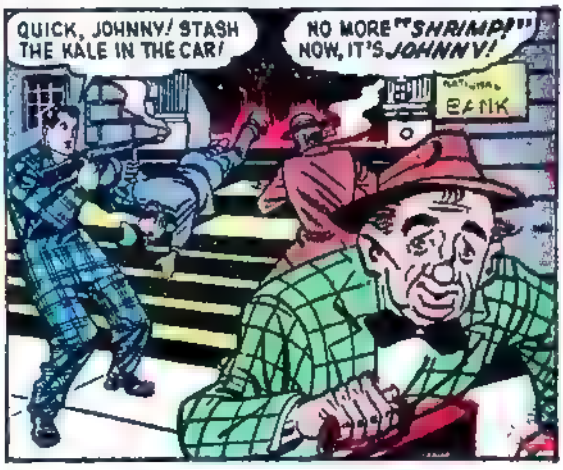
"WHEN THE WEASEL GOT BACK TO CHI, HE GOT THE SHOCK O: HIS LIFE..."

MEET JOHN DILLINGER! NOW DON'T GET EXCITED AN' FAINT!
HELLO, SHRIMP! BABY-FACE SAYS YOU CAN GET US THE HARDWARE FOR THAT SOUTH BEND JOB!
(GULP!)... SURE, MR. DILLINGER! SURE!

LATER!

SEE! HE GOT EVERYTHING.. RODS, CHOPPERS, EVEN BULLET-PROOF VESTS!
SWELL! JUST FOR THAT, YOU'RE COMIN' ALONG, JOHNNY!
G-SOLLY! JOHN DILLINGER CALLIN' ME BY MY FIRST NAME!

"THE WEASEL NOW THOUGHT HE WAS A SUCCESS! HE WAS MAKIN' HEADLINES WITH THE HEADLINERS! HE WAS PART OF THAT SOUTH BEND BANK JOB WHERE THAT COP WAS KILLED!"



I'LL HAVE TO LAY LOW FOR A WHILE, BABY-FACE! THE FEDS ARE EVERYWHERE! AIN'T NEVER SEEN SUCH HEAT!
LISTEN, JOHN, AFTER WE PULL SOME OF THEM BIG JOBS, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH FISH TO GO ANYWHERE!

LATER....

"YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT! DILLINGER GOT THE WORKS! NELSON GOT THE BULL HORRORS! THAT'S WHEN THE WEASEL PHONED ME!

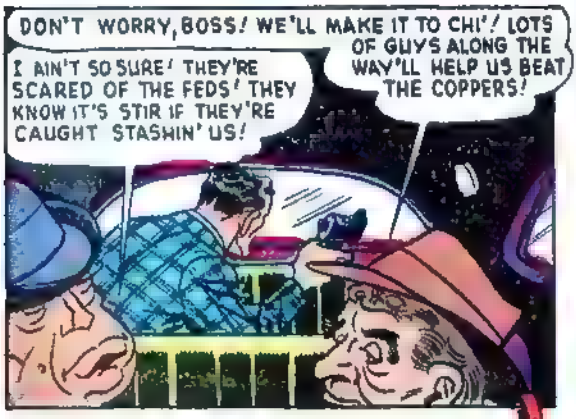
NIX, IT'S JUST AS HOT HERE! THE FEDS EVEN KNOW YOU, WEASEL! REMEMBER THAT CAR ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN?
THE HECK WITH IT! GET THIS, FATS! FIND US A BUNK, OR ELSE!

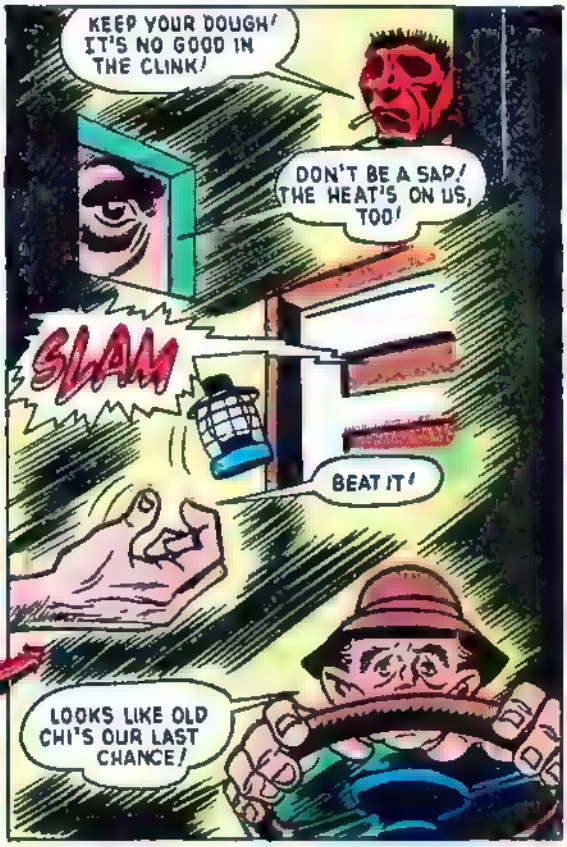
JUSTICE

"WELL, I FOUND 'EM A CABIN NEAR LAKE TAHOE! EVERY-DAY CAME MORE BAD NEWS! OTHER GUYS IN THE MOB, SHOT BY FEDS! THE G-HEAT WAS GETTIN' HOTTER! THEY PRACTICED ON CHIPMUNKS!"

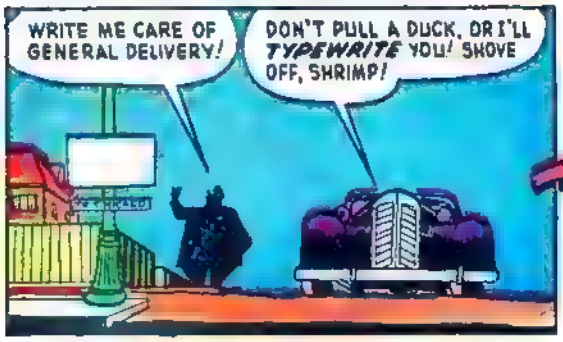
"THEN, CAME VERY BAD NEWS! YOU BOYS WERE CLOSIN' IN ON TAHOE..."

THEY'VE GOT THE GARAGE MAN AN' THAT MARK IN THE GAMBLIN' HALL WHO'S BEEN TIPPIN' US OFF! IT'S RUN, OR IT'S CURTAINS!
SUGAR, YOU HEARD FATS! GET GOIN'!

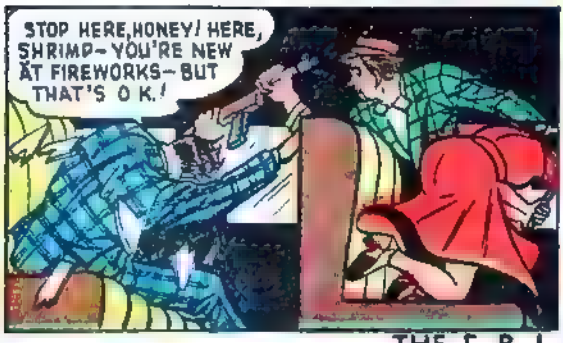

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! WE'LL MAKE IT TO CHI'! LOTS OF GUYS ALONG THE WAY'LL HELP US BEAT THE COPPERS!
I AIN'T SO SURE! THEY'RE SCARED OF THE FEDS! THEY KNOW IT'S STIR IF THEY'RE CAUGHT STASHIN' US!

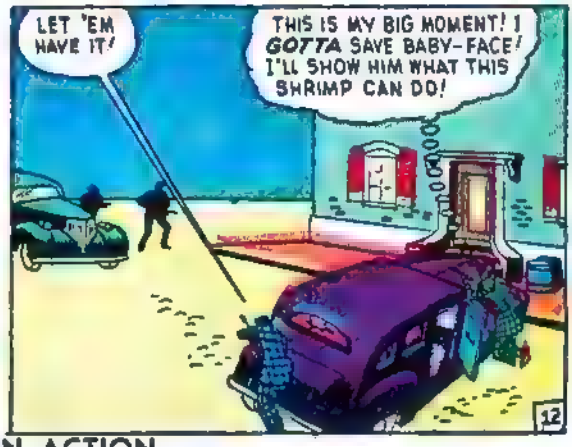


"LONG BEFORE WE HIT CHICAGO — I HAD A HUNCH WE WERE HEADIN' FOR A COLD MEAT PARTY! SO I SAID I'D SCOUT WINNETKA FOR A HIDEOUT..."



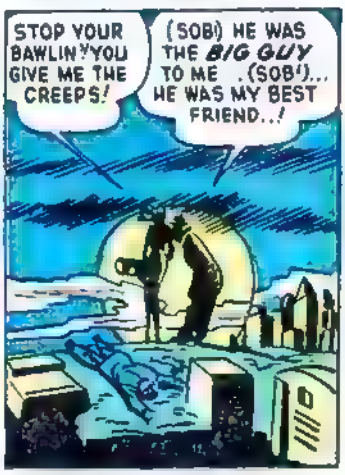
"THE REST YOU KNOW! HOW THE DUMMIES RAN INTO THE FEDS ON THE HIGHWAY! THE WEASEL TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT LAST WEEK! THE UNCLES PLUGGED THE GAS TANK!"



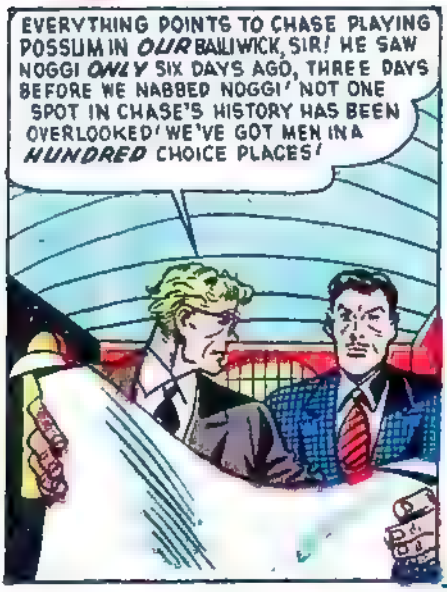


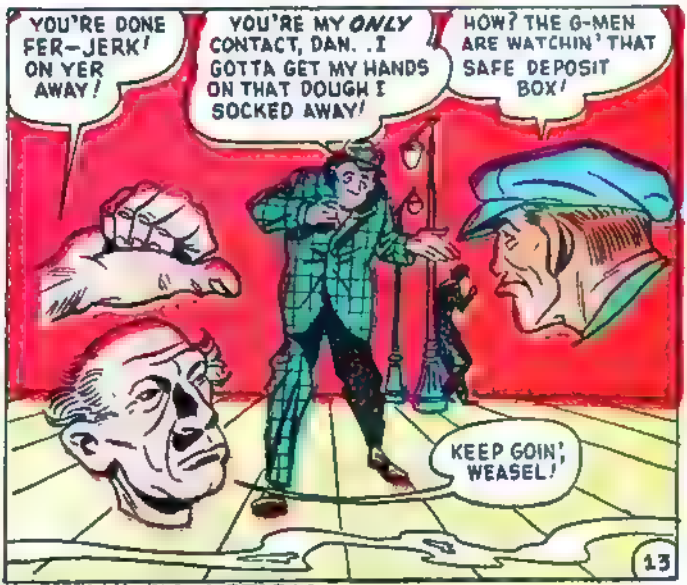
"THE WEASEL'S GUNFIRE TOOK THE LIFE OF THE G-MAN!"

"BABY-FACE DIED THE SAME NIGHT, AN' THEY PITCHED THE STIFF NEAR A BONE YARD! THE WEASEL CRIED LIKE A BABY! "

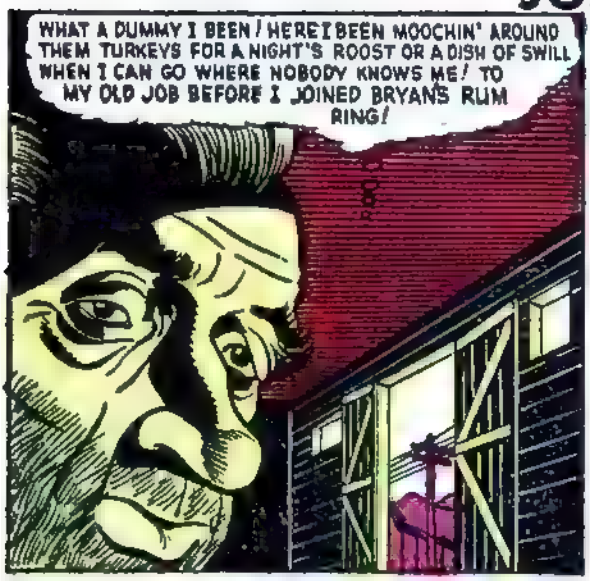


NOW THE SHRIMP'S HOLED UP HERE IN CALLY! AIN'T THAT SPIEL WORTH A SWAP FOR A SHORTER STRETCH?
WE'RE PROMISING NOTHING, NOGGI! HOW ABOUT A PEEK AT THE DRAGNET PLANS, SIR?
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, RORKE!

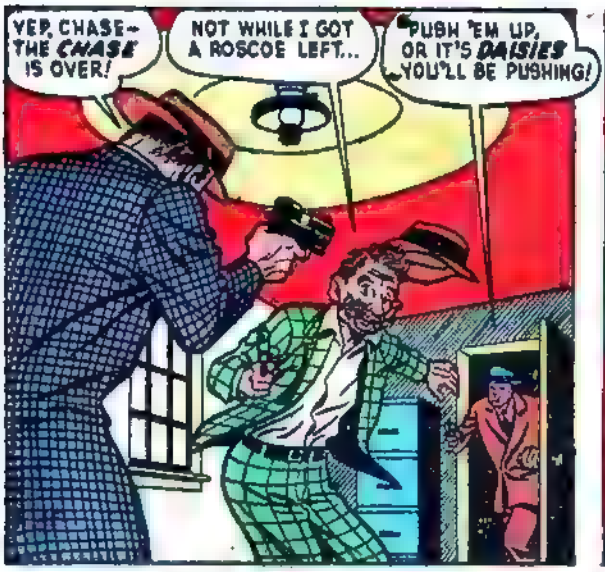

EVERYTHING POINTS TO CHASE PLAYING POSSUM IN OUR BAILIWICK, SIR! HE SAW NOGGI ONLY SIX DAYS AGO, THREE DAYS BEFORE WE NABBED NOGGI! NOT ONE SPOT IN CHASE'S HISTORY HAS BEEN OVERLOOKED! WE'VE GOT MEN IN A HUNDRED CHOICE PLACES!


YOU'RE DONE FER—JERK! ON YER AWAY!
YOU'RE MY ONLY CONTACT, DAN. . I GOTTA GET MY HANDS ON THAT DOUGH I SOCKED AWAY!
HOW? THE G-MEN ARE WATCHIN' THAT SAFE DEPOSIT BOX!
KEEP GOIN', WEASEL!

JUSTICE

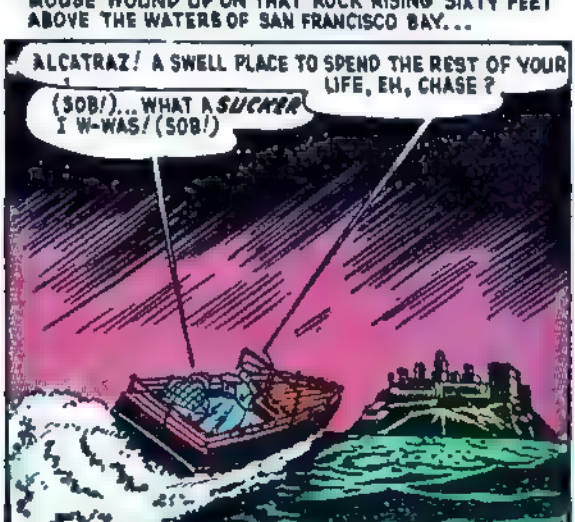

WHAT A DUMMY I BEEN! HERE I BEEN MOOCHIN' AROUND THEM TURKEYS FOR A NIGHT'S ROOST OR A DISH OF SWILL WHEN I CAN GO WHERE NOBODY KNOWS ME! TO MY OLD JOB BEFORE I JOINED BRYAN'S RUM RING!

MY NAME'S JONES! I USED TO WORK HERE YEARS AGO... BACK IN 1930!
WHAT'RE YOU HANDING ME, PAL? YOUR NAME ISN'T JONES, IT'S CHASE! COME OUT, VIC!
RORKE'S CHECKING INTO CHASE'S BACKGROUND SURE PAID OFF!



TOO BAD! LOOKS LIKE CHASE GETS THE LAST WALTZ ON THE NECKTIE!
N-NO...NO! I KNOW PLENTY... GIMME LIFE, AN' I'LL SPILL EVERYTHING! JUST GIMME LIFE!

SO, BY SQUEALING HIS LUNGS OUT... THE SMALL-TIME MOUSE WOUND UP ON THAT ROCK RISING SIXTY FEET ABOVE THE WATERS OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY...



AND IN THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON...

JOHN PAUL CHASE PAID THE FULL PENALTY, BECAUSE HE ROBBED, BECAUSE HE KILLED... AND BECAUSE HIS BURNING AMBITION MADE HIM IDOLIZE THE "BIG BOYS," HE CAME TO AN END NO BETTER THAN THEIRS!

THE END

Captain Tootsie
Tootsie Roll
TRAPS KILLER BEAR WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT
CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION ARE CAMPING IN THE MOUNTAINS.
HOWDY THAR, FOLKS!
WH-WHO ARE YOU?
GOSH, LOOK AT THAT DANDY 'COON TAIL HE'S WEARING!
'COON TAIL CHARLIE'S M'NAME, BOYS! JEST DROPPED BY TA WARN YE THAR'S A KILLER BEAR LOOSE IN THESE PARTS! BETTER BE KEERFUL!
WE'LL BE ON THE WATCH FOR HIM, 'COON TAIL CHARLIE! THANKS FOR THE WARNING!
SUDDENLY..
HELP! EEEK!
A CALL FOR HELP! IT'S FROM THE GIRLS' CAMP ACROSS THE LAKE!
MAYBE THE KILLER BEAR'S AFTER 'EM!
WE'LL NEED LOTS OF QUICK ENERGY TO ROW ACROSS THE LAKE! HERE, EVERYBODY EAT A TOOTSIE ROLL! AND ROLLO, FETCH MY SNIPERSCOPE FROM THE TENT!
OK, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!
BY DAD! THEM THAR TOOTSIE ROLLS SURE PUT STEAM INTA YER MUSCLES, DON'T THEY? I'M READY TA TAKE ON THAT KILLER BEAR SINGLE-HANDED!
SCREECH! EEK!
WOW! LISTEN TO THAT EXCITEMENT!
OH, WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! THE KILLER BEAR JUST RAIDED OUR SUPPLIES WHILE WE WERE ASLEEP!
WE'RE SCARED! IT'S SO DARK!
DON'T WORRY, MA'AM! WE'LL GET THAT BEAR WITH OUR SNIPERSCOPE!
THE SNIPERSCOPE WAS ONE OF THE SECRET WEAPONS USED BY THE ARMY TO SPOT THE ENEMY AT NIGHT. ITS LAMP SENDS OUT INVISIBLE INFRA RED LIGHT RAYS WHICH ARE REFLECTED BY THE TARGET AND PICKED UP AND TURNED TO VISIBLE LIGHT BY THE ELECTRONIC SIGHT.
FLUORESCENT SCREEN IN EYEPIECE
OBJECTIVE LENS
INFRA RED LAMP
POWER KIT CARRIED ON BACK
HERE'S HIS TRACKS! HE'S CLOSE BEHIND HIM!
I HEAR HIM UP AHEAD!
SNARL! GROWL!
SNAP!
I SEE HIM! THERE HE GOES!
WHAT CAPTAIN TOOTSIE SEES
BANG!
LATER..
BY DAD! I NEVER SEED THE LIKES OF IT— SHOOTIN' BEARS AT NIGHT!
AFTER THAT EXCITEMENT, FOLKS, ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE ROLLS OUGHT TO HIT THE SPOT! COME AND GET 'EM!
'COON TAIL CHARLIE SAYS:— LOTS OF FUN, KIDS!
GET THIS GENUINE 'COON TAIL JUST LIKE I WEAR!
FOR ONLY 15¢
SEND IN THE COUPON TODAY!
AND A TOOTSIE ROLL WRAPPER
Gosh, you'll be sama punkins when you get this handsome genuine 'coon tail for your own. What fun to wear it on your cap like 'Coon-Tail Charlie and other famous trappers and explorers. It's a great big fluffy tail of richly striped fur! Looks swell on your bike, wagon or scooter or hanging in your room. And girls, you'll love the smart swing of this beautiful fur tail fastened to your sweater or coat. Yours for only 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper. RUSH! Send for as many as you want, but quick—before they're gone! (Don't forget to send 15¢ and a wrapper for each 'coon tail.)
FOR PLAYING WOODSMAN
SWELL FOR YOUR BICYCLE
TOOTSIE ROLLS
Dept. 102
Box B, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.
I'll get a big kick out of that 'Coon Tail. I enclose 15¢ and a Tootsie Roll wrapper for each one. Rush today!
Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
OFFER EXPIRES DEC 31, 1948
SUPPLY LIMITED—FIRST COME FIRST SERVED.

"MURDER FOR CHRISTMAS!"

NONE DREAMT WHAT HORRIBLE PRESENT AWAITED JOE GRAVES ON THAT CHRISTMAS SEASON! FOR, IN THE MYSTERIOUS NORTH WOODS, A SECRET WAS HIDDEN— A SECRET THAT ONLY DEATH WOULD BE ABLE TO UNRAVEL!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
5000

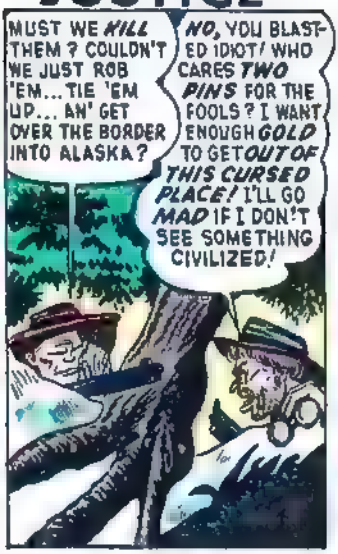
CHRISTMAS DAY, 1899... HUTSHIKU STATION, CANADA, NORTHWEST ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE...

CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT'S KEEPING OLSEN! HE SHOULD'VE BEEN HERE LAST NIGHT TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH ME! THE DAY IS PRACTICALLY SHOT...

DON'T KNOW WHY I'M WORRIED! PRACTICALLY ANYTHING COULD'VE KEPT OLSEN! HECK... A TELEGRAPH LINESMAN CAN WORK 24 HOURS A DAY IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS! HMMM... THE DINNER'S NOT WORTH OFFERING ANYBODY! IT'S ALL COOKED OUT!

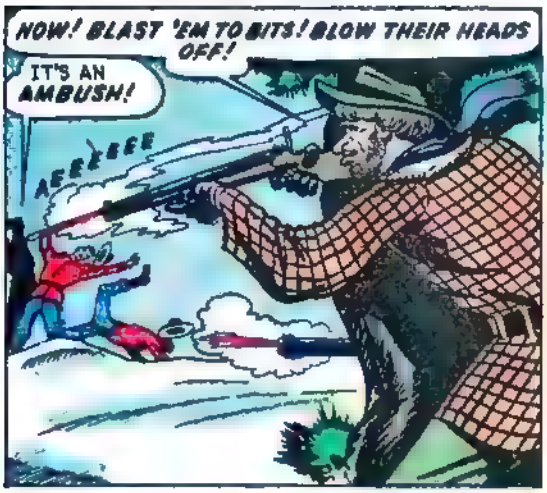
JUSTICE

HAD CORPORAL RYAN KNOWN WHAT HAD HAPPENED THAT MORNING, HE COULDN'T HAVE DIGESTED A MORSEL/ TWO MILES FROM HUTSHIKU...

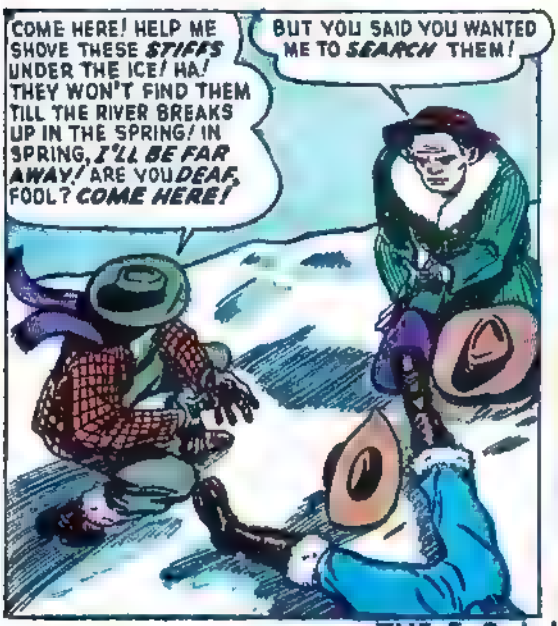

MUST WE KILL THEM? COULDN'T WE JUST ROB 'EM... TIE 'EM UP... AN' GET OVER THE BORDER INTO ALASKA?
NO, YOU BLASTED IDIOT! WHO CARES TWO PINS FOR THE FOOLS? I WANT ENOUGH GOLD TO GET OUT OF THIS CURSED PLACE! I'LL GO MAD IF I DON'T SEE SOMETHING CIVILIZED!

FIVE YEARS I'VE SPENT IN THIS WILDERNESS! NOW THIS GUN'S GOING TAKE ME OUT! AND NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP ME!
SURE, JACK... S-SURE... WHATEVER YOU SAY!
HE'S SNOW CRAZY! GOTTA GET HIM OUT OF HERE AFTER THIS!

O'BRIEN AND GRAVES MADE EVERY SHOT COUNT/ EVERY SHOT TOOK A LIFE...



RUN, YOU RABBIT! HA-HA-HA! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! BUT I'LL ESCAPE! YOUR GOLD WILL HELP ME! HA-HA-HA! YOUR GOLD WILL HELP ME!
HE'S MAD! DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOIN' ANY MORE!


COME HERE! HELP ME SHOVE THESE STIFFS UNDER THE ICE! HA! THEY WON'T FIND THEM TILL THE RIVER BREAKS UP IN THE SPRING! IN SPRING, I'LL BE FAR AWAY! ARE YOU DEAF, FOOL? COME HERE!
BUT YOU SAID YOU WANTED ME TO SEARCH THEM!

JUSTICE

AND WITH THE THREE DEAD MEN SAFELY BURIED IN AN ICE-HOLE, O'BRIEN TURNED ON HIS ONLY FRIEND...

C-CRAZY.. (GASP!) .. DOUBLE-CROSSER... ARRRGHHH!

HO! CRAZY *NOT* TO KILL YOU! WHO WANTS TO *SPLIT?* YOU'LL LIE UNDER A SHEET OF ARCTIC ICE! I'LL LIE UNDER THE BEST LINEN A MONTH FROM NOW. . BACK IN THE *STATES!* HA-HA-HA!

DAYS LATER, DISTURBED THAT OLSEN HADN'T CONTACTED HIM TO MAKE ANY APOLOGIES, RYAN WENT DOWN THE TRAIL TO SELKIRK DETACHMENT...

OLSEN'S SUCH A STICKLER FOR GOOD FORM— THE *LEAST* HE WOULD HAVE DONE WAS TELEGRAPH! PERHAPS PENNYCUICK SAW HIM HEAD MY WAY...

LATER!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND OLSEN *NOT* SHOWING UP, RYAN! HE PASSED HERE EARLY CHRISTMAS *MORNING* WITH TWO FRIENDS! SAID HE WAS HAVING CHRISTMAS DINNER WITH *YOU!*

I HATE TO THINK WHAT *HAPPENED,* PEN! WE'D BETTER GO OVER THE TRAIL FROM HERE TO NUTSHIKU WITH A MAGNIFYING GLASS!

THREE DAYS LATER..

SHELLS FROM A WINCHESTER! THIS SPOT IS NOTORIOUS FOR *AMBUSHES...* THE INDIANS USED IT IN THE OLD DAYS!

YES, BUT I SEE SOMETHING NO *INDIAN* WOULD USE... A STOVE!

I REMEMBER THIS STOVE WITH THESE *S*-SHAPED DRAUGHT HOLES! I PASSED TWO MEN HERE A MONTH AGO, NAMED *ROSS* AND *MILLER!* THEY OWNED IT!

LOOK, PENNY! IT'S A BODY!

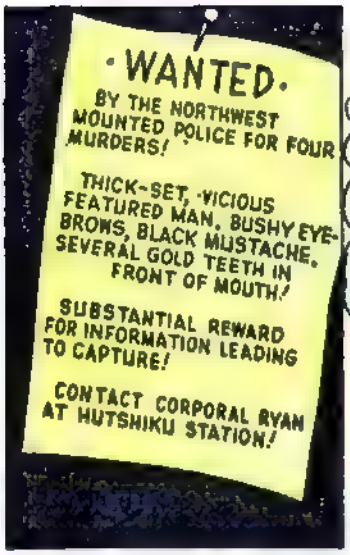
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THERE'S AT LEAST *TWO MORE* BODIES AFTER THIS ONE!

GREAT GUNS! YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS? THE CAMPER CALLED *MILLER!*

PENNY, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ROSS! *NEVER* WILL THE MAN ESCAPE WHO HAS *DARED* TO TAKE THE *LIFE* OF A *CANADIAN MOUNTIE!*

IT'S PLAIN WHAT HAPPENED! OLSEN, ROLFE, AND CLAYSON WERE *DRYGULCHED!* THEN, *ROSS* LET *MILLER* HAVE IT IN THE BACK . SO AS NOT TO *SPLIT* WITH MILLER!

JUSTICE


·WANTED·
BY THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE FOR FOUR MURDERS!
THICK-SET, VICIOUS FEATURED MAN. BUSHY EYE-BROWS, BLACK MUSTACHE. SEVERAL GOLD TEETH IN FRONT OF MOUTH!
SUBSTANTIAL REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO CAPTURE!
CONTACT CORPORAL RYAN AT HUTSHIKU STATION!

A WEEK LATER, AT AN INN IN TAGUSH, A TOWN ON THE ALASKAN BORDER...

A FEW MILES MORE AND, I'M IN U.S. TERRITORY!
OKAY, I SIGNED YOUR BLASTED REGISTER! WHERE IS THE NEAREST BUCKET SHOP?
DOWN THE ROAD A QUARTER OF A MILE!
HE FITS THAT "WANTED" DESCRIPTION TO A "T"! I'LL WIRE HUTSHIKU!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES...

THE INNKEEPER SAYS THIS FELLOW'S NAME IS JACK ROSS! EITHER HANDLE COULD BE A PHONY!
ROSS... O'BRIEN... WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? HE SMELLS AS BAD WITH EITHER NAME... AND HE'LL SWING IF HE HAS A HUNDRED ALIASES! GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE DOGS, PEN! I'M MUSHING OUT TO TAGUSH!

LATER, AT A HOTEL ROOM IN TAGUSH..

HE'S THE KILLER ALL RIGHT! BOTH THESE PLIERS AND BINOCULARS HAVE OLE OLSEN'S INITIALS BURNED INTO THEM! WHERE CAN I FIND ROSS?
DOWN THE ROAD AT FLORA'S! ROSS IS A HEAVY DRINKER, SNOW CRAZY, TOO, I GUESS YOU'D CALL IT! HE SIGNED UP FOR TWO DAYS. BUT STAYED A WEEK, ALREADY! ALWAYS BOOZING AND SLEEPING!

IT DIDN'T TAKE RYAN LONG TO FIND ROSS...

AN' I SHAY MY TWO PAIR... (HIC)... BEATSH YER THREE OF A KIND! WANNA ARGUE, HUH? GO AHEAD... LEMME SHEE YA ARGUE!
DROP IT, ROSS-O'BRIEN... OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS!

YOU'RE COMING BACK TO HUTSHIKU FOR MURDER, O'BRIEN.... FOUR MURDERS! THREE TRAVELERS AND YOUR PAL, MILLER?
THE DEVIL YA'LL TAKE ME BACK! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF THIS BOOBY-HATCH! I'LL... (HIC!). . BLOW YER HEAD OFF!

THE BULLETS FROM O'BRIEN'S RIFLE MATCHED THOSE IN THE VICTIMS' BODIES! JACK O'BRIEN WAS TRIED AND HANGED IN VANCOUVER IN JUNE, 1900! AND CORPORAL RYAN WATCHED AND QUIETLY, HE REPEATED...

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

JOSE VILLA

With aliases: Joe Bella, Villa Jose, Francisco Martinez, Franck Martella, Jose Molina, Frank Martella.

DESCRIPTION

Age, 48, born July 2, 1888, Mexico; Height, 5' 4½"; Weight, 142 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair black; Complexion, olive; Build, medium; Nationality, Mexican; Occupations, wood worker, carpenter, painter; Scars and marks, tip of left ring finger scarred and clipped, scar in left eyebrow, dent scar on jaw.

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

CRIMINAL RECORD

Jose Villa has been arrested on numerous occasions on charges which include petty larceny, shoplifting, assault, burglary, and desertion. Villa was sentenced by the Federal District Court, Corpus Christi, Texas, on April 25, 1938, to serve two years in a penal institution for violation of the United States Immigration Laws (illegal entry). He was committed to the United States Detention Farm at La Tuna, Texas, on August 4, 1938, and was transferred to Federal Prison Camp No. 10, Tucson, Arizona, from which institution he escaped on August 23, 1938.

Fingerprint Classification: 21 L 19 W OOI

M I T OI

Ref: 17 W

I R

MEYER DEMBIN

With aliases: Martin Davis, Charles Fein, Charles Loeb, Max Lowell, Martin Meyer

DESCRIPTION

Age, 36, born March 19, 1912, New York City, New York; Height, 5' 8½"; Weight, 145 pounds; Eyes, brown; Hair, black; Complexion, dark; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, public school; Occupation, clerk; Scars and marks, scar on right cheekbone, mole on right side of chin.

BANK ROBBERY

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

CRIMINAL RECORD

Meyer Dembin has been arrested on numerous occasions in the State of New York and Texas on charges which include grand larceny, felonious assault, robbery and homicide. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury in the Southern District of New York, at New York City, New York, on February 7, 1938, charging Meyer Dembin with violations of the National Bank Robbery Act and the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act, in that he, together with others, robbed the First National Bank of Sparkill, Sparkill, New York, on February 4, 1935, and transported in interstate commerce from New York to New Jersey a stolen Packard sedan, knowing the same to have been stolen.

Fingerprint Classification: 8 M 29 W 17

I 20 Wa

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20

JOHN LEWIS CAREY

With aliases: Al Carey, Al Crosby, John Louis Carey

DESCRIPTION

Age, 42, born January 6, 1896, Silver Lake, Kansas, Height, 5' 11"; Weight, 170 pounds; Eyes, light brown; Hair, Brown; Complexion, ruddy; Build, slender; rawboned; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, eighth grade. Occupations, ranch hand, sign painter, rodeo performer; Scars and marks, scar right forehead, mole left cruise neck, ¼" scar lower left knee, 2 scars back left index finger; Peculiarities, stooped posture, heavy drinker.

BANK ROBBERY

CRIMINAL RECORD

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Omaha, Nebraska, July 2, 1936, charging subject as John Lewis Carey with the robbery of the First State Bank, Whiteman, Nebraska, on December 18, 1935, said bank being a member of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation.

Fingerprint Classification: 19 O 8 Tt 18

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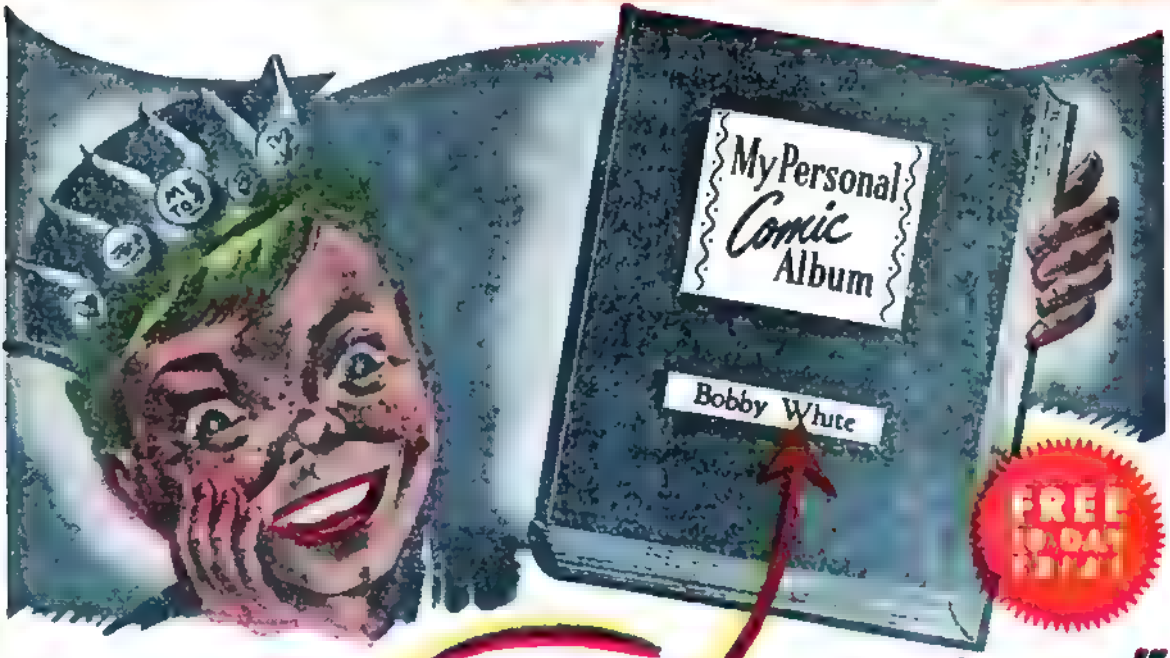
"Look, Fellers—now you can keep your comic books in this swell Personal Comic Album



with YOUR OWN FULL NAME printed on the cover!"

Read all about it! Say, fellers, you know how many times you've wanted to read those back numbers of your favorite comics—only to find that you mislaid them... or that they were torn and soiled. Well, here's just the thing you've been waiting for—a special PERSONAL album that holds 50 of your favorite comic magazines in neat, book-like form.

Your Personal Library of Comics

You can keep ALL your comics in the album—or insert your FAVORITE comics so that your hero's adventures read like a THRILLING STORY. Your album is your very own—there's no doubt about that when your family and friends see your name printed in BIG GOLD-COLOR letters right on the cover! You'll be envied by everybody!

To get your personal album, SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon. Be sure to print name for cover clearly in space provided in coupon. When album arrives by return mail, pay postman only $1.00 plus postage. If you don't give three cheers over this unusual album, return it in 10 days for immediate refund.

Make LESS Work for Mom!

Mom will *want* you to have your own Comic Album to help you keep your magazines tidy in *one* place!

SEND NO MONEY—MAIL COUPON TODAY!

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. A144
913 West 27th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Rush my personal album by return mail in plain wrapper. I'll pay postman only $1.00 plus few cents postage. If not delighted, I may return album in 10 days for immediate refund.

Print this name on cover..... (Please print plainly)
in gold-color letters

Name .....

Address .....

City..... Zone... State. .....

Enclose $1 or with coupon and we'll pay postage.

"The TRAP!"
AH! WHAT A SET-UP FOR ME! A RICH APARTMENT AND NOBODY HOME! LET'S SEE—FIRST I'LL GET THE SILVERWARE, THEN THE JEWELRY—THEN—
GO AHEAD, SANDY! IT'S WIDE OPEN FOR YOU—IT'S ALL YOURS! BUT—WE CAN'T ALWAYS DO THINGS JUST AS WE PLAN, CAN WE? COME ON IN— THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE HERE YOU'RE GOING TO GET—BUT YOU'WON'T WANT IT, SANDY! IT'S A TRAP! A TRAP FOR MURDER!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
* THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY

STRANGE

WHAT AN INNOCENT BEGINNING A HORRIBLE CRIME CAN HAVE! FOR INSTANCE... HERE WAS THE ORDINARY, CASUAL CONVERSATION OF TWO CHAMBER-MAIDS IN CHICAGO'S FASHIONABLE NORTH SIDE! BUT THE WORDS FELL UPON THE EAGER EARS OF ONE SANDY RELLS, SMALL-TIME THIEF! WORDS THAT WERE TO BRING ABOUT STRANGE EVENTS ON THIS NOVEMBER DAY IN 1938...

ANNIE, IT'S A CAUTION THE WAY SOME FOLKS THINK TOWELS ARE PUT IN THEIR ROOMS FOR SHOE RAGS! JUST WAIT'LL THOSE FOLKS IN 711 GET BACK! I'LL TELL 'EM!
I DON'T BLAME YE A BIT! PEOPLE HAVE NO CONSIDERATION! NONE AT ALL!
711

UNCONSCIOUSLY, THE CHAMBERMAIDS HAD GIVEN RELLS A HOT TIP! THE ROOM WAS EMPTY, AND A GREEN LIGHT FLASHED IN THE HOOD'S MIND...
711

JUSTICE

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, A SKELETON KEY GROPED ITS WAY BETWEEN BOLTS AND TUMBLERS, AND THE DOOR SWUNG SILENTLY OPEN...
WHAT A PIPE-LEAD CINCH THIS IS GONNA BE! THOSE GABBY DAMES PRACTICALLY TOLD ME THE JOINT WAS EMPTY!
BUT THE FATES LAUGHED MOCKINGLY AT SANDY RELLS, FOR HE WAS DESTINED TO BE A MUTE WITNESS TO A STARK MURDER AND GRIM TRAGEDY WITHIN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES...
WHEW! WHAT A CLASSY LAYOUT! ANYBODY LIVING IN A SET-UP LIKE THIS OUGHT TO HAVE PLENTY OF DOUGH! AND IT OUGHT TO BE IN A NICE, SAFE PLACE! NOW LEMME SEE...
WITHOUT DISTURBING SO MUCH AS A THREAD, RELLS CONTINUED HIS SEARCH UNTIL...
I WAS RIGHT! I'LL HAVE THAT PIGGY BANK OPEN IN A JIFFY!
FATE LAUGHED AGAIN, FOR THE LAST PERSON TO USE THE SAFE FORGOT TO GIVE THE KNOB THE FINAL TWIST WHICH WOULD DROP THE TUMBLERS BACK IN PLACE...
WH—?
IT'S OPEN! THIS MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY!
ON THE CONTRARY, MR. RELLS... THIS WAS TO BE YOUR UNLUCKY DAY!
WHY THE DIRTY... NOTHIN' BUT BOXES...PAPER BOXES! I'LL TEAR THE JOINT APART!
RAGE TURNED TO AMAZEMENT, AND AMAZEMENT TO FRANTIC JOY AS SANDY RELLS DISCOVERED THAT THE LITTLE BOXES CONTAINED...
DOPE! IT'S DOPE...HEROIN! THOUSANDS OF BUCKS WORTH! I'M RICH!
SUDDENLY, SANDY RELLS' BLOOD FROZE COLD IN HIS VEINS... HIS HEART STOPPED THUMPING AS THE SOUND OF A KEY BEING TURNED IN THE LATCH REACHED HIS EARS!
WH—? TH--D-DOOR! I'M T-TRAPPED! WHAT'LL I DO? WHERE'LL I GO?

JUSTICE

LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL, RELLS SEARCHED DESPERATELY FOR A WAY OUT! PRECIOUS SECONDS TICKED AWAY ... AN ETERNITY PASSED, THEN...

THE B-BEDROOM! I'LL HAVE TO R-RISK IT AND SWEAT IT OUT!

RELLS HID UNDER A BED AND TRIED TO STILL THE POUNDING BLOOD IN HIS EARS AND HALT THE WILD BEATING OF HIS HEART, AS HE HEARD...

I DON'T LIKE IT, FETTERING! THE ***HEAT'S ON***, AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE! OUR WHOLE ORGANIZATION'S ***SMASHED!***

NO QUESTION ABOUT IT, MADSEN, BUT EVEN THOUGH THE FEDS GET OUR BOYS, ***WE'RE*** STILL IN THE CLEAR! I'M NOT GOING TO GET HOT UNDER THE COLLAR FOR A LONG TIME YET!

YOU'VE BEEN ACTING PRETTY COOL LATELY, FETTERING! MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOME ***PLANS*** THAT DON'T INCLUDE ***ME***, EH? MAYBE THERE'S A ***REASON*** YOU'RE NOT WORRIED, EH?

Y'KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! I'LL HIT THE HAY AND FIGURE OUT A WAY TO ***MOVE*** THAT STUFF!

WHAT THE— ***FETTERING!*** DID YOU LEAVE THE SAFE ***OPEN?***

ARE YOU NUTS? YOU MUST BE ***SEEIN'*** THINGS! COOL DOWN, MADSEN!

SO THAT'S IT, EH? A NEAT LITTLE DOUBLE-CROSS! PULL A ***FAKE HIJACK*** JOB AND TAKE OFF WITH A ONE-MAN SPLIT!

A TERRIFYING DRAMA UNFOLDED IN THE ROOM AS SANDY RELLS TREMBLED WITH HORROR BENEATH THE VERY BED ON WHICH FETTERING RESTED!

DON'T BOTHER GETTING UP, FETTERING! YOU CAN HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY ***LYING DOWN!***

TAKE OFF, MADSEN! I'M GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR ***BEEFING!***

NOT DARING TO EVEN BREATH FOR FEAR OF BEING DISCOVERED, RELLS HEARD THE FATAL SHOT...

YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO ***UNLOAD*** THE DOPE, FETTERING!

M-MADSEN!...YOU... WHY? OHHHH!

JUSTICE

UNDERNEATH THE BED, FATE PLAYED HER TRUMP CARD AS THE MURDER BULLET CRASHED THROUGH FETTERING'S FLESH AND BONE AND SANK WITH A BURNING THUD INTO SANDY RELLS' ARM...
ZING
BITING HIS LIP TO KEEP FROM UTTERING A SHRIEK OF PAIN, RELLS GROVELED AND WRITHED IN SILENT WAITING...WAITING...WAITING...
I GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE — I GOTTA! WHY DOESN'T HE LEAVE? WHY DOESN'T HE TAKE A POWDER? OHH, MY ARM!
AN ETERNITY PASSED, AND THEN, SANDY RELLS HEARD THE DOOR QUIETLY OPEN AND SHUT! THE MURDERER HAD LEFT!
HE'S DEAD! IF.., IF THEY CATCH ME IN HERE, THEY'LL PIN A MURDER RAP ON ME!
AN HOUR LATER, THE INDIGNANT CHAMBER MAID RETURNED TO SCOLD HER UNTIDY TENANTS... AND FINDS...
M-MERCY ME! H-HELP! POLICE! H-HELP!
PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION BY LOCAL POLICE SHOWED THAT THE CASE WAS ONE FOR FEDERAL AGENTS!
HI, CAPTAIN! I'M TRIGGS! THIS IS ANDERSON, F.B.I.! I GUESS THIS IS OUR BABY, EH?
SHE'S ALL YOURS, GENTLEMEN, AND GOOD RIDDANCE! YOU BOYS HAVE QUITE A MESS ON YOUR HANDS! WE HAVEN'T TOUCHED ANYTHING — SO YOU CAN START FROM SCRATCH!
WELL, WELL... IF IT ISN'T AL FETTERING! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH OUR CASE IS ALMOST COMPLETE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF MADSEN! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS HAVE BEEN FEUDING, EH, ANDERSON?
MADSEN WON'T GET FAR! WE'D BETTER CALL THE OFFICE AND START A ROUTINE OPERATION!
AGENT TRIGGS CONTACTED THE LOCAL F.B.I. OFFICE AS ANDERSON CONTINUED HIS DETAILED SCRUTINY OF THE SUITE...
TRIGGS REPORTING! IT'S FETTERING, CHIEF! WE'RE STILL WORKING UP HERE! BETTER TIGHTEN THE NET FOR MADSEN... AND SEND THE WICKER WAGON UP FOR FETTERING! YEAH... LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE!

JUSTICE

With clock-like decision and efficiency, the federal agency divisions went about their various tasks: photographers, fingerprint experts, technicians and surgeons performed their highly skilled tasks in the murder suite...

We'll get these reports to you as soon as possible, Triggs!

Swell! I guess there isn't much else we can do here!

Triggs, I have a strange feeling that *something's* out of *kilter* here! The picture isn't just right!

What's wrong with it? Fettering and Madsen *knew* the jig was up and began to *worry!* One of the two tried to pull a double-cross and got rubbed out! What could be simpler?

Well, for one thing, the position of Fettering's body shows that he *knew* the person who killed him! There weren't any signs of *defense* or a *struggle!* He didn't expect the shot!

Of course not! That *proves* it must have been Madsen who killed him! Madsen grabbed the dope and bumped Fettering!

Look, Triggs! You think *Fettering* pulled the cross on *Madsen*, and Madsen shot him and took off with the dope? If Fettering had *really* double-crossed him, his conscience wouldn't have permitted anyone to get the drop on him!

Well, *you* figure it out! I'm going to the office to check on the reports!

With a sixth sense warning him that the case was still loose, Anderson retraced his steps and tried to get a new slant...

Something's screwy in this picture! Why didn't Fettering *defend* himself? Crooks like Madsen and Fettering don't usually blast each other without good reason!

Suddenly, Anderson's eyes noticed for the first time, the charred bullet hole in the bed...

Wh--? What's *this?* The bullet that killed Fettering must have gone *clean through him ...and the bed, too!*

Spurred on by this new development, Anderson ripped apart the bed and glanced at the floor beneath it to discover...

Blood... and it *couldn't* have been Fettering's! This thing is beginning to make *sense* now! I'd better call the office and check on a few things!

JUSTICE

ANDERSON'S PHONE-CALL BROUGHT THE ENTIRE RESOURCES OF THE F.B.I. TO HIS SERVICE...

HELLO, ANDERSON? HERE'S THE DOPE! THE PRINTS ON THE SAFE HANDLE *DON'T CHECK* WITH OUR FILES ON EITHER FETTERING OR MADSEN! THE SURGEON'S REPORT SHOWS THAT THE BULLET WENT *THROUGH* FETTERING'S BODY! HAVE YOU LOCATED IT?

HOLD ON TO YOUR SEAT, CHIEF! I FOUND BLOOD-STAINS *UNDER* THE BED! THERE WAS A *THIRD PARTY* IN THE ROOM WHEN FETTERING WAS KILLED!

WHAT? SCRAPE UP A *SAMPLE* OF THE BLOOD, AND GET DOWN HERE ON THE DOUBLE!

AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, EXCITED AGENTS EXAMINED AND COMPARED REPORTS OF THE LATEST BIZARRE EVIDENCE UNCOVERED...

HERE ARE THE *BLOOD* SPECIMEN REPORTS! THOSE STAINS YOU FOUND WERE DEFINITELY *NOT* FETTERING'S!

THEN, I WAS *RIGHT*, TRIGGS! FETTERING *DIDN'T* DOUBLE-CROSS MADSEN! MADSEN *THOUGHT* HE DID, AND ALL THE TIME THE *REAL DOUBLE-CROSSER* WAS *UNDER* THE BED!

THIS MAY SOUND *CRAZY*, BUT HERE'S THE WAY I FIGURE THIS THING! WITHOUT KNOWING IT, FETTERING AND MADSEN DISTURBED A *THIEF* IN THEIR APARTMENT! MADSEN FOUND THE SAFE *LOOTED* AND BLAMED *FETTERING*, WHILE THE *THIEF* LAY *UNDER* THE BED!

THIS IS THE *ODDEST* CRIMINAL TWIST I'VE EVER EXPERIENCED!

BY CHECKING THEIR FINGERPRINT FILES AGAINST THE PRINTS TAKEN FROM THE SAFE, THE FEDERAL AGENTS WERE ABLE TO DETERMINE THE IDENTITY OF SANDY RELLS, AND PICKED HIM UP SHORTLY THEREAFTER!

FINISH THAT POISON, AND LET'S GO, RELLS! WE WANT YOU TO TELL US ABOUT THAT WILD PARTY YOU WERE IN ON!

WH--? YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME, COPPER!

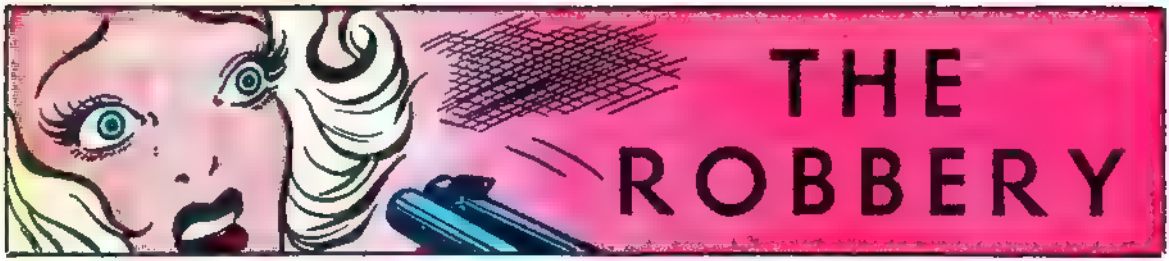
HARRY MADSEN WAS PICKED UP AT AN AIRPORT IN GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, AS HE WAS ABOUT TO BOARD A PLANE TO CANADA...

I HATE TO SPOIL YOUR TRIP, MADSEN! YOU'RE WANTED FOR THE *MURDER* OF A FELLOW NAMED FETTERING! KNOW HIM, MADSEN?

WHA—? AHH! GUESS YA GOT ME! NO USE FIGHTING THE F.B.I.!

THE FINAL STORY OF MUTE TERROR AND AGONY THAT POURED FROM SANDY RELLS' TREMBLING LIPS DURING THE SUBSEQUENT TRIAL WAS ENOUGH TO WRITE FINIS TO THE CAREER OF HARRY MADSEN! MADSEN WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT ON DREADED ALCATRAZ... WHILE RELLS PAID PENANCE FOR HIS CRIMES WITH A FIVE YEAR SENTENCE IN ANOTHER FEDERAL PRISON!

THE END



THE ROBBERY

IT was too bad that the sale of the cattle had been made so late in the afternoon and on Friday, too. For it meant a special trip to the bank that night after supper. It wouldn't do to keep seven thousand dollars in cash lying around the house, not even over a week-end. The very thought made her nervous!

The cattle buyer from Texas had approached Ruth's ranch house at two o'clock, had examined the herd of fine steers in little over an hour, and a few minutes later, he made his offer. "Seven thousand for the lot, Miss," he drawled, pulling out a huge roll of greenbacks from a crowded wallet.

Ruth stammered out her acceptance, and signed the bill of sale. It was more money that she had dreamed of getting, even in her wildest expectations. It was more than her father had gotten, even when he was alive. And it was a veritable life saver to the girl who was trying to do a man-sized job—alone, with only a meager hired help for assistance.

It was getting dark now, and the fear of making the trip to town with the money was beginning to tell on the girl. There had been talk floating around of robbers and bandits who patrolled the dark hills and valleys around the little farm house. Her eyes flashed more than once to the old-fashioned double barrelled shot gun hanging over the mantel in the living room—the gun which had belonged to her father.

At that moment, Phillip came in from the kitchen. Phillip was her younger cousin. He lived on the adjoining farm. Ruth had once hoped that he might be the one to help her, but that idea had been short-lived, for he was a dreamer, and idler, totally unsuited for farm labor.

"Goin' to town tonight?" he asked.

She nodded. "Got to make a night deposit." For a moment she was tempted to ask him to accompany her, but immediately dropped the idea. She would be better off alone than with Phillip.

Phillip walked to the mantel and took down the gun. He broke it open and looked down the barrels. Then he took two shells from his pocket and inserted them in the gun. "Better carry this along with you. It's loaded now. And don't hesitate to use it if you have to. There's been talk lately. You know what I mean." He put the gun back.

"Don't worry," Ruth said, some of the tenseness going out of her. "I'm gonna take it with me, and I'll use it if anything happens."

She went into the kitchen to fix supper and Jed, the hired man, came in from the corrals. Jed was a dour old man, hard-bitten and lean. He had been one of her father's favorites, and Ruth had kept him after the others had drifted away to better or more interesting jobs. Jed was getting mighty slow, but he was conscientious and that counted a lot with Ruth. He didn't do much talking, but he did work around the farm that Ruth, being a woman, was unable to do. Because of his close tongue and surly manner, she put up with him as best she could, but she never really trusted him.

Jed went into the living room, leaving Ruth and Phillip in the kitchen. As soon as the door closed behind him he crossed the room swiftly to the mantel and took down the shot gun. He cast a swift glance about, then broke open the gun, took out the two shells Phillip had inserted, and put in two from his own pocket. Then he replaced the gun in exactly the same place. A crafty grin spread across his grizzled features.

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Beautiful 6 colored Solomons (where U. S. Marines first licked the Japs at Guadalcanal), also odd lands of Senegal Mukden, Siberian, nameless stamps, Curacao Jap stamps to shame U. S. ever issuing Philippines), others — ALL FREE for 3c postage Approvals.
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GIANT AND MIDGET TRIANGLES!
Siberia and Bolivia (shown), also Cannibal and Treasure Islands, Mosquito, Arabia, smallest stamp, Thailand etc. ALL FREE with approvals. Postage 3c.
SEMINOLE STAMP CO.
Dept. 21, Elliston, Va.

50 Diff. Roosevelt Stamps, etc
Big Lot 5¢ Different includes Roosevelt stamps from Monaco & San Marino, also Hitler & Mussolini stamps from Libia, Bohemia & many others. ALL ONLY 5c. Approvals.
MARYLAND STAMP CO.,
Arlington-M Baltimore 15, Md.

STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

The new Postmaster General, Jesse M. Donaldson, is a stamp collector and this assures that the hobby of philately will receive understanding attention. A stamp-issuing program for 1948 has already been mapped out partly factual and partly tentative, as follows:

The new year's first item is a 3-cent purple released on Jan. 5 in honor of George Washington Carver, the Negro agricultural scientist who died in 1943.

On Jan. 24, 1848, gold was discovered in California, and a centenary commemorative stamp is promised.

A third postal piece definitely announced for 1948 is one with a portrait of Francis Scott Key, who in 1814 wrote the words of our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Congress recently enacted legislation directing the Post Office Department to issue a stamp honoring Gold Star mothers, and this will appear probably in 1948.

A few months hence the nation will observe the fiftieth anniversary of the start of the Spanish-American War, in 1898, and a bill introduced in the House of Representatives would authorize the issuing of a commemorative postal paper. In June will be celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the organizing of Theodore Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" of Spanish-American War fame, and a special stamp is being requested by friends of his surviving troopers, about one hundred.

This is Wisconsin's centennial year, as that State was admitted to the Union in 1848. The Post Office Department is expected to issue a Wisconsin commemorative.

Undoubtedly other stamps will be issued during 1948.

LIBERIA "ZOO" TRIANGLE
also Will Rogers "Earthquake" Airmail, Thailand, Tunis, Antique Victoria, Indies, Africa, etc. ALL FREE for 3c postage Approvals.
RENFRO
Box 441-C, Redondo Beach, Calif.

SIBERIAN TRIANGLE — 28 OTHERS!
Lot 29 Different Includes Tannou Touva Animal TRIANGLE from Siberia, also Eskimo Dog, Serbia Assassination, Cochin Umbrella stamp, Polar Island, others — ALL 5c. Approvals.
KENLEN'S, 1805-M Kentucky St., Lawrence, Kansas

200 Different Stamps ONLY 3¢
to approval applicants. Contains stamps worth up to 15c each!
LITTLETON STAMPCO, LITTLETON 25, N. H.

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Latest Scott's International $5.00 stamp album—covering entire world, contains 36,000 illustrated descriptive spaces, Scott's 1948 Standard $7.00 catalogues "Philately's Encyclopedia" —absolutely FREE to applicants for foreign approvals becoming customers.
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Dept. A64 • Bell, California

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No stamps are more attractive none are more popular than the famous Roosevelt issue by 17 different countries. We have them ALL for approvals and will send the complete Roosevelt issue of Honduras the complete Roosevelt issue of Cuba, the Nicaragua bi-colored Roosevelt, and the Monaco Roosevelt triangle, all for only 10c to approval applicants. Please state whether approvals shall consist of U. S. or Foreign stamps or both.
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200 DIFFERENT 6¢ CATALOG
Only 6¢ to Approval Applicants
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GIVEN!
Pan-American Banknote and large illustrated coin list GIVEN to approval service applicants for 3c postage. BARGAINS! 3 Indianhead cents, 10c; Wooden nickel, 10c; Chinese Dollar 52c.
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GEORGE WASHINGTON - "OLD GLORY" & OTHERS
Famous Managua Nicaragua Diamond Shaped Stamp, gorgeous Ecuador showing Washington, American Eagle & U. S. Flag in NATURAL COLORS, also Peace, French Foreign Legion stamp, first U. S. Commemorative, $1000.00 UNUSED Shanghai, Tricolor U. S. Army Camels, Jungle, Desert, Antique Car, two others. EVERYTHING ONLY 5c Approvals.
CAPITAL STAMP CO., Dept. 19, Little Rock, Arkansas

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500 UNITED STATES STAMPS—absolutely assorted and unsorted—just as received from church missions. Many varieties including large commemoratives, a small, high denomination, up to $5.00! Stampdom's biggest package of fun—and you might find something really valuable! PRICE ONLY 10c TO SERIOUS APPROVAL APPLICANTS. Money back if not delighted. Illustrated bargain lists with each order. MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. 3, Camden, N.Y.

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HARRIS & CO., 111 Transit Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.

After supper Phillip said good-by. "I'm goin' home for the night. See you Monday. Be careful on the way to town."

"Sure, Phil. I'll be glad when all that money's in the bank vault. It's not healthy to have it lying unprotected around the house."

He left and Ruth went to her room to dress for the trip to town. Jed had gone to the ranch house where he slept. Ruth was alone. She dressed quickly, putting on slacks and boots. It wouldn't do to wear a skirt, for she felt, somehow, that if she had to move rapidly, a skirt would hinder her movements. She picked up the bag containing the money and took the gun from the mantel. She opened the gun, saw that the shells were intact, closed it, and left the house.

Outside the darkness of the night hit her with an almost physical impact. A small rind of moon was showing, not enough to actually see by, but just enough to make things faintly ghostly and unreal. The trees in the distance seemed like shadowy obstacles, reaching toward her with tentacled and clawing fingers. A shuddering tingle of fear touched her spine momentarily.

Bravely, she started forward through the gate and along the trail. It was three miles to town and she had a long tough road to follow. The night was alive and whispering with unseen things. Far off in the distance a coyote wailed, then a hoot owl screeched, and she could hear the movements of the small wild things in the underbrush. She walked rapidly along, holding the money in her left hand, the gun crooked in her right. She stared into the darkness, trying desperately to see.

Suddenly she stopped, stock still, her heart pounding. Somebody . . . something . . . was waiting on the trail in front of her. Her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, her knees felt as if they were going to buckle under her. She could not move.

She strained her eyes into the darkness, trying to see. Then something moved—a formless shadow, without substance or bulk. She could see something white that floated in the air. And suddenly she realized what it was. A mask of some kind. Then a gruff, unnatural voice spoke . . .

"I want that money!"

"Wh . . . Who . . . are you?"

The thing moved closer and she raised her gun, thumbing off the safety with fumbling fingers.

"You can't kill me. Put down the gun and give me the money."

Ruth put the gun to her shoulder and took aim right below the white mask, where she thought the chest would be. "Stop or I'll shoot!"

The thing moved closer and Ruth pulled the trigger. BLAM! The recoil knocked Ruth backwards and up against a tree with stunning impact as both barrels let go. The man with the mask was blown backwards and lay quite still upon the ground.

Sobbing, Ruth threw the gun on the trail, and clutching the money close to her, ran with a blind panic back to the house.

Fifteen minutes later, after old Jed had calmed her down, they made a trip back along the trail. Jed carried a light. They found a huddled figure, clothed in black with a white mask. Jed leaned over and pulled off the mask.

It was Phillip, of course. His dead, sightless eyes stared upward into the light of the flashlight, and it seemed to Ruth that mixed with horror, there was a bit of surprise in them—deadly surprise.

Later, Jed explained the whole thing to her.

"You see, Miss Ruth, I seen Phillip buy some shells down at the store the other day. He don't never do no hunting, so I thought he was figuring on something mean."

"But how did you know?"

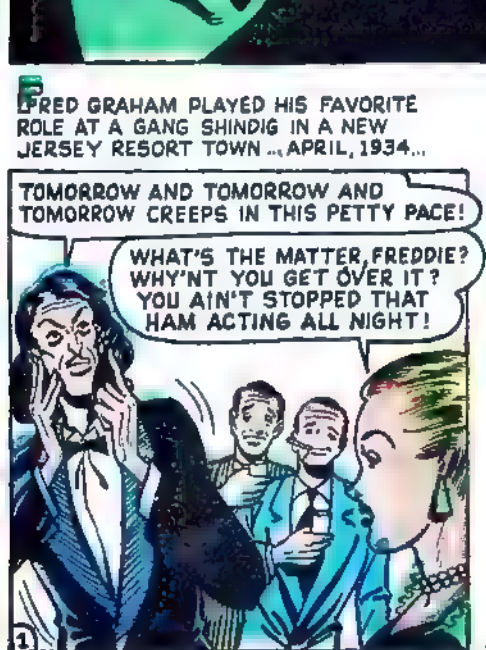
"I found these on the trail a few days ago." Jed held out his hand. He was holding some wads of cotton and some BB shot. "Phillip took these out of some shells. Then, today, I saw him load your gun. I was watching from the window. I just naturally figured they was blanks."

Jed smiled. "So while you both were in the kitchen, I took the blanks out and put *real* shells in your gun. I'll bet Phillip will be surprised—wherever he is now!"

THE END

"CURTAIN CALL for CRIME!"

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A FRUSTRATED ACTOR TURNS TO CRIME? SHAKESPEARE SAID "ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE" AND THAT'S HOW FRED GRAHAM PLAYED IT, BUT WITH REAL BULLETS IN FLAMING GUNS, AS HE ACTED OUT THIS DRAMA OF MURDER AND JUSTICE!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!*
*THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY
1947


FRED GRAHAM PLAYED HIS FAVORITE ROLE AT A GANG SHINDIG IN A NEW JERSEY RESORT TOWN ... APRIL, 1934...
TOMORROW AND TOMORROW AND TOMORROW CREEPS IN THIS PETTY PACE!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, FREDDIE? WHY'NT YOU GET OVER IT? YOU AIN'T STOPPED THAT HAM ACTING ALL NIGHT!
1

BUT HIS FRIENDS NEVER APPRECIATED GRAHAM'S SUPPOSED TALENT...
SHUT UP, YOU IGNORANT CLODS! I'M ACTING A GREAT ROLE... I'M MACBETH, YOU MORONS!

JUSTICE

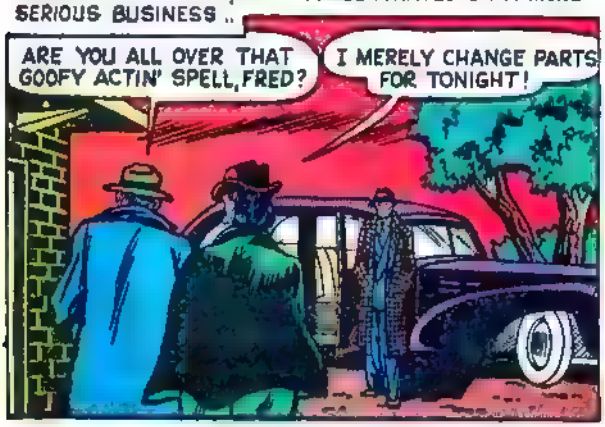
GRAHAM KNEW HE BELONGED IN A MORE CULTURED SOCIETY...

RELAX, FRED... SURE YOU'RE A GREAT ACTOR, BUT YOU'RE ALSO FRED GRAHAM, THE SLICKEST HOLD-UP MAN IN THE BUSINESS!
YOU, TOO, EH? EVEN YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT! I COULD HAVE BEEN THE GREATEST ACTOR IN THE THEATRE TODAY... OR THE MOVIES...

I'LL SHOW YOU! SOMEDAY, I'LL BE THE BIGGEST STAR IN HOLLYWOOD... SOMEDAY I'LL PLAY HAMLET!
YEAH, SURE, FRED! BUT NOW YOU'D BETTER SLEEP IT OFF! WE'RE DOIN' A JOB TONIGHT!

THAT GRAHAM SURE IS A BUG ON ACTIN', AIN'T HE?
YEAH, HIS OLD MAN WAS A BIG-TIMER ON THE STAGE... AN' FRED AIN'T NEVER FORGOT IT! IF I HAD THE HOLD-UP REP THAT FRED HAS, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT NOT BEIN' AN ACTOR!

LATER THAT NIGHT, FRED CONCENTRATED ON A MORE SERIOUS BUSINESS ..

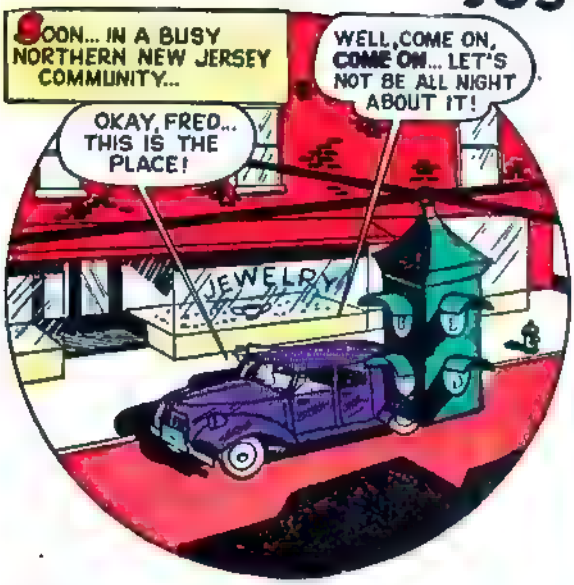


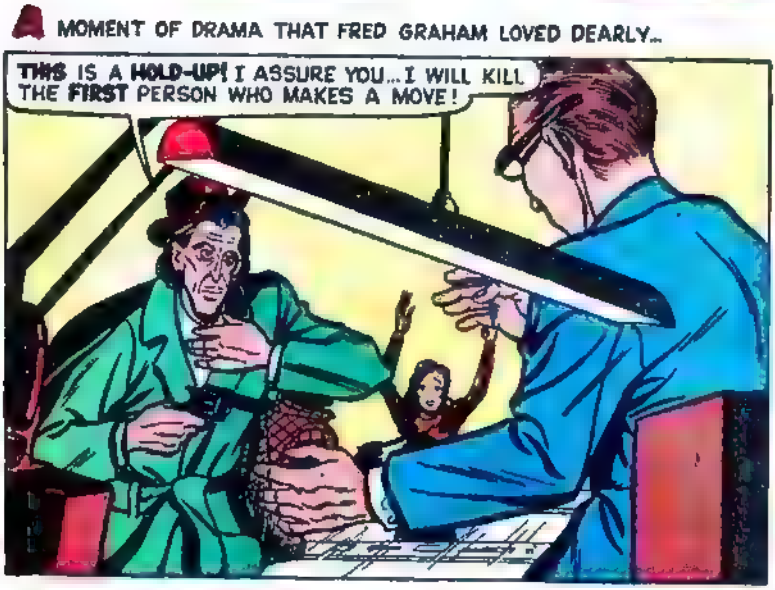
BUT EVEN NOW, GRAHAM COULD TOLERATE NO INSULT TO HIS PASSION...

THE "HAM" IN FRED RODE ALONG WITH HIM ON HIS DANGEROUS EXPEDITIONS AGAINST THE LAW..

THE F. B. I. IN ACTION

JUSTICE

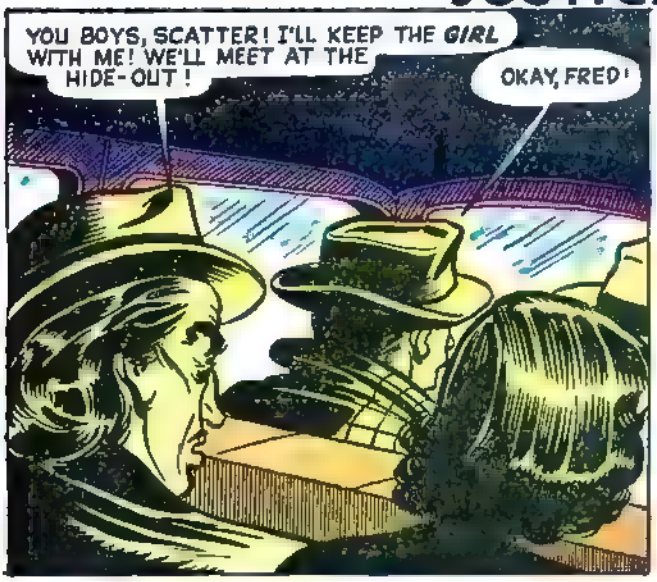

SOON... IN A BUSY NORTHERN NEW JERSEY COMMUNITY...
OKAY, FRED... THIS IS THE PLACE!
WELL, COME ON, COME ON... LET'S NOT BE ALL NIGHT ABOUT IT!
JEWELRY

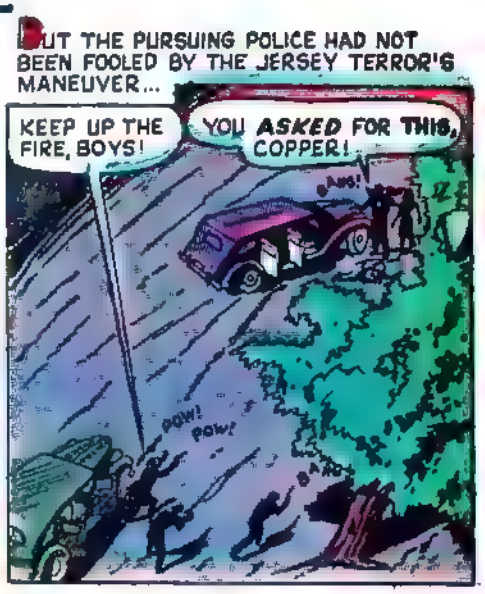


GRAHAM WASN'T QUITE "HAM" ENOUGH TO MAKE IT ALONE! WITH HIS NECK IN DANGER, HE TOOK ALONG A SHIELD...
COME ON, FRED!
I'M JUST BRINGING SOME INSURANCE ALONG!
PLEASE... DON'T..

THE F. B. I. IN ACTION

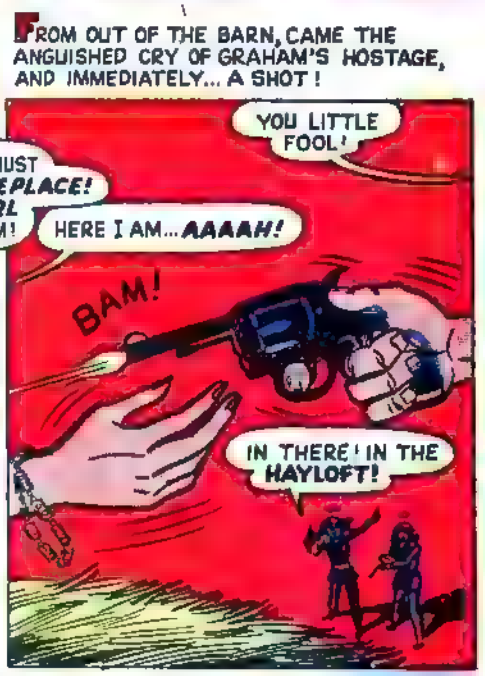
JUSTICE


YOU BOYS, SCATTER! I'LL KEEP THE GIRL WITH ME! WE'LL MEET AT THE HIDE-OUT!
OKAY, FRED!

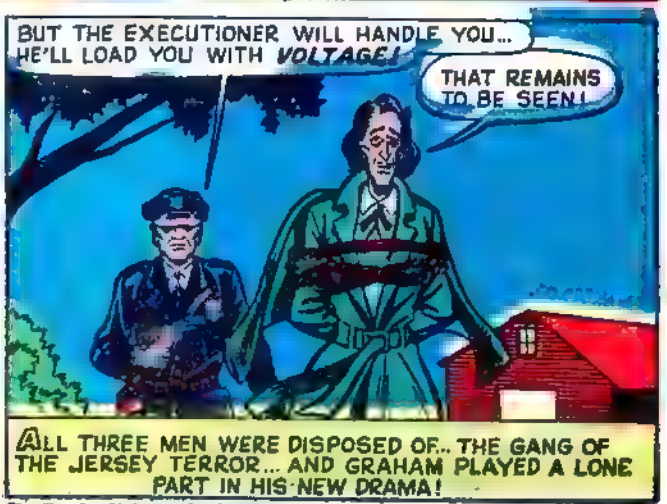

BUT THE PURSUING POLICE HAD NOT BEEN FOOLED BY THE JERSEY TERROR'S MANEUVER...
KEEP UP THE FIRE, BOYS!
YOU ASKED FOR THIS, COPPER!
BANG!
POW! POW!
BANG!

AS THE GUN BATTLE RAGED, GRAHAM AND HIS HOSTAGE...
IN HERE!
ALL RIGHT!

IN A FEW MINUTES...
THOSE OTHER TWO WON'T BOTHER ANYONE AGAIN!
THE THIRD ONE MUST BE AROUND SOMEPLACE! HE HAD THAT GIRL CLERK WITH HIM!


FROM OUT OF THE BARN, CAME THE ANGUISHED CRY OF GRAHAM'S HOSTAGE, AND IMMEDIATELY... A SHOT!
YOU LITTLE FOOL!
HERE I AM... AAAAH!
BAM!
IN THERE! IN THE HAYLOFT!

DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER!
YOU DIRTY —, WE SHOULD PUMP YOU FULL OF LEAD...
4


BUT THE EXECUTIONER WILL HANDLE YOU... HE'LL LOAD YOU WITH VOLTAGE!
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!
ALL THREE MEN WERE DISPOSED OF... THE GANG OF THE JERSEY TERROR... AND GRAHAM PLAYED A LONE PART IN HIS NEW DRAMA!

JUSTICE

SEVERAL MONTHS LATER, IN THE DEATH HOUSE OF THE STATE PRISON... CHRISTMAS DAY, 1934... GRAHAM AWAITED HIS CHANCE

HIS CHANCE TO PLAY A NEW PART...

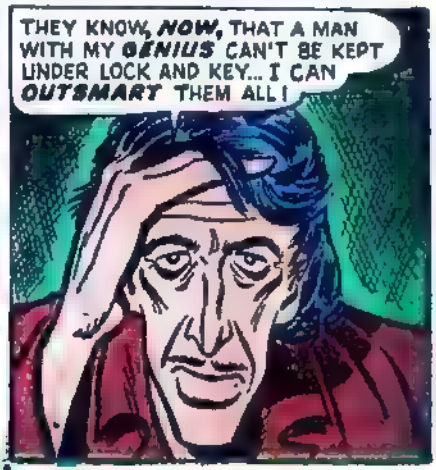
WITH ONLY A FEW DAYS TO LIVE, GRAHAM COULD RISK ALL... AND WHEN THE GUARD ENTERED THE CELL...

GRAHAM GAVE HIM A VICIOUS KICK! BEFORE THE GUARD COULD RECOVER, GRAHAM HAD HIS GUN!

THE DISGUISED CRIMINAL WALKED TO FREEDOM...

HE HEADED FOR THE RAILROAD YARD...

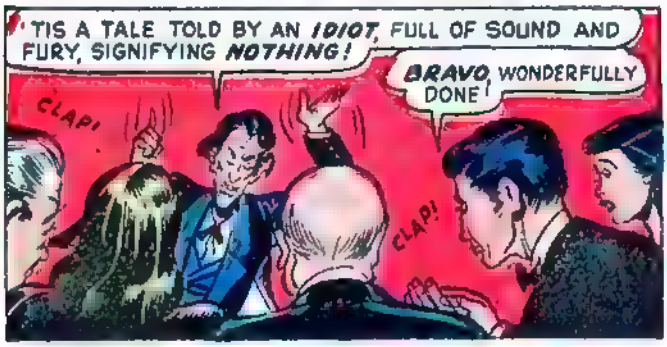
THE WEST, INDEED! BECAUSE THE LIFE GRAHAM CRAVED, AND THE PEOPLE HE LONGED TO KNOW WERE IN THE WEST... IN HOLLYWOOD...

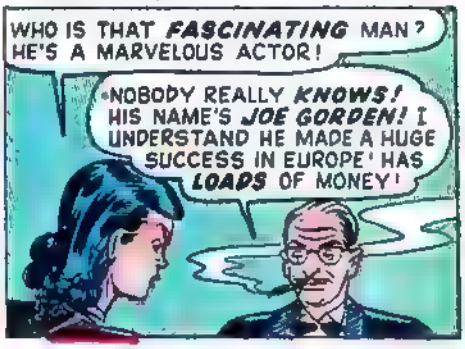


JUSTICE

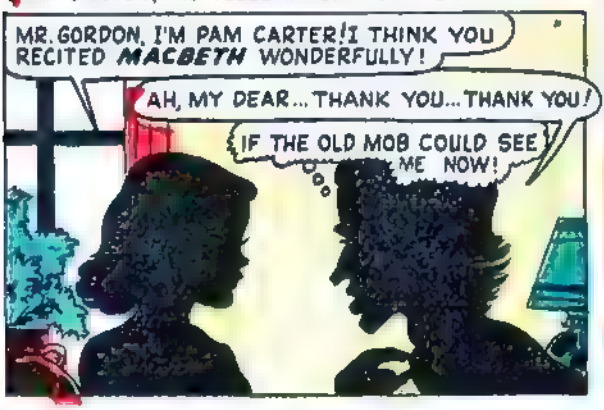
SIX MONTHS PASSED AND GRAHAM WAS NOT CAUGHT BUT AT AN EXCLUSIVE HOLLYWOOD COCKTAIL PARTY.

GRAHAM, HAPPY IN HIS NEW ENVIRONMENT, DREW THE ATTENTION OF.

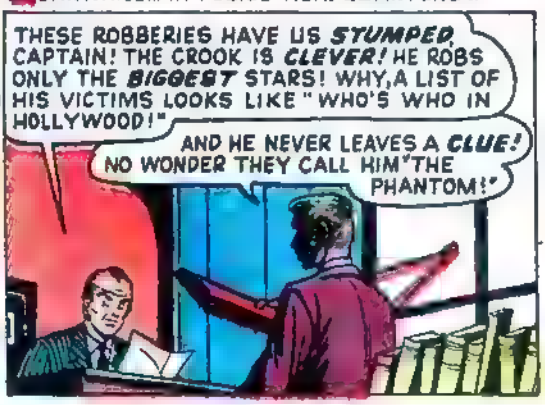



WHO IS THAT FASCINATING MAN? HE'S A MARVELOUS ACTOR!
NOBODY REALLY KNOWS! HIS NAME'S JOE GORDEN! I UNDERSTAND HE MADE A HUGE SUCCESS IN EUROPE! HAS LOADS OF MONEY!

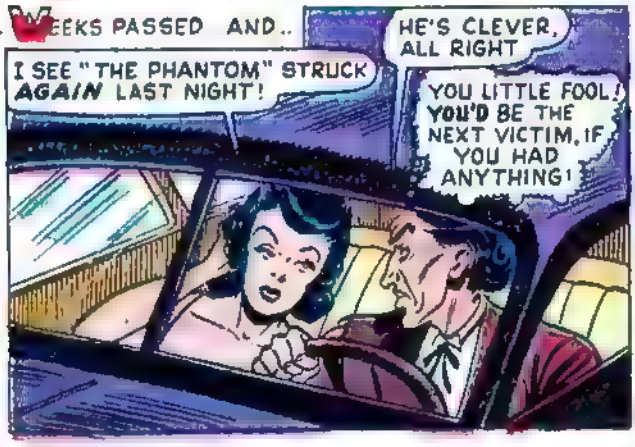
PAM CARTER, THE CELEBRATED MOVIE STAR!


MR. GORDON, I'M PAM CARTER! I THINK YOU RECITED MACBETH WONDERFULLY!
AH, MY DEAR... THANK YOU... THANK YOU!
IF THE OLD MOB COULD SEE ME NOW!

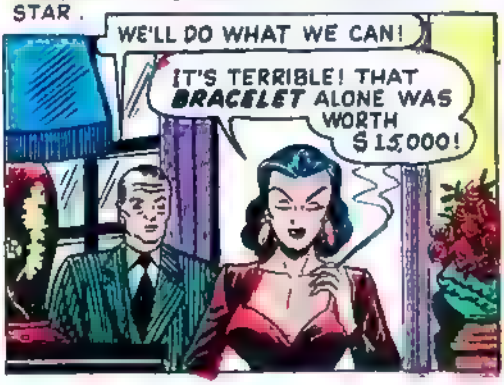
MEANWHILE... IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS..


THESE ROBBERIES HAVE US STUMPED, CAPTAIN! THE CROOK IS CLEVER! HE ROBS ONLY THE BIGGEST STARS! WHY, A LIST OF HIS VICTIMS LOOKS LIKE "WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD!"
AND HE NEVER LEAVES A CLUE! NO WONDER THEY CALL HIM "THE PHANTOM!"

WEEKS PASSED AND..



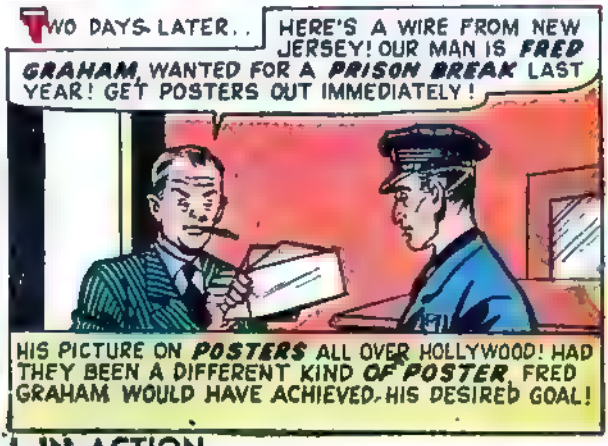
AND, AT THE SCENE OF THE LATEST ROBBERY... THE HOME OF A FAMOUS STAR.



SUDDENLY, THE POLICE UNCOVERED THEIR FIRST CLUE.

CAPTAIN! A BREAK AT LAST! "THE PHANTOM" LEFT A FULL SET OF FINGERPRINTS ON THE SAFE!
GOOD! CHECK WITH EVERY POLICE DEPARTMENT! WE'LL RUN HIM DOWN NOW!
6

TWO DAYS LATER..


HERE'S A WIRE FROM NEW JERSEY! OUR MAN IS FRED GRAHAM, WANTED FOR A PRISON BREAK LAST YEAR! GET POSTERS OUT IMMEDIATELY!
HIS PICTURE ON POSTERS ALL OVER HOLLYWOOD! HAD THEY BEEN A DIFFERENT KIND OF POSTER, FRED GRAHAM WOULD HAVE ACHIEVED HIS DESIRED GOAL!

THE F. B. I. IN ACTION

JUSTICE

IT WAS JUNE 12, 1935... FRED GRAHAM AND PAM WERE ENJOYING A LEISURELY DRIVE...

I'LL PULL IN HERE FOR GAS!

OKAY, I HAVE TO CALL THE STUDIO! IT ISN'T OFTEN I TAKE A DAY OFF FOR A SPIN IN THE COUNTRY!

IN THE GAS STATION...

WHY, WHAT'S THIS? IT'S

THE.. HE'S..HE'S THE *PHANTOM!*

WANTED!

FRED GRAHAM FOR MURDER

BRAVE PAM IMMEDIATELY CALLED THE POLICE..

YES..YES, WE'RE DRIVING *NORTH*... YES, CAPTAIN, I'LL BE CAREFUL! PLEASE *HURRY!*

BUT GRAHAM HAD GUESSED THE TRUTH..

DID YOU MAKE YOUR CALL, MY DEAR?

Y-Y-YES..

.. AND STILL EXPRESSED HIS VANITY..THE VANITY THAT HAD BROUGHT HIM TO HOLLYWOOD...

NOT A VERY *FLATTERING* LIKENESS OF ME, IS IT?

I...I...

WANTED

FRED GR FOR MU

HE RECOGNIZED ME, ALSO! BUT I HAPPEN TO BE HANDY WITH A KNIFE!

YOU...YOU... *BEAST!*

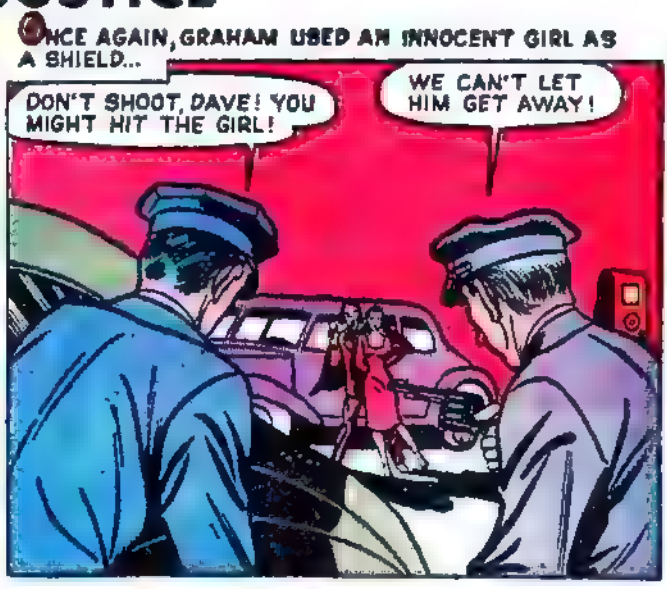
BEAST? I THINK NOT! MERELY A MAN WHO IS ABOVE THE *HERD!* NOW, *YOU'RE* COMING WITH *ME!*

WHAT..WHAT..WILL YOU *DO* WITH ME?

WE'LL DRIVE TO A QUIET SPOT IN THE COUNTRY... AND THEN..IN A FEW DAYS... OR WEEKS... OR PERHAPS MONTHS... THEY'LL FIND YOUR *DEAD BODY*, MY DEAR!

JUSTICE

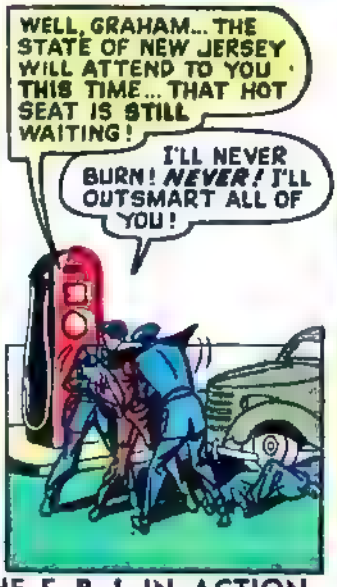
SUDDENLY!
DON'T MAKE A MOVE, GRAHAM!
COPS!


ONCE AGAIN, GRAHAM USED AN INNOCENT GIRL AS A SHIELD...
DON'T SHOOT, DAVE! YOU MIGHT HIT THE GIRL!
WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

OHHHHH...
AFRAID TO KILL AN INNOCENT PERSON, COPPERS? I'M NOT! I'LL KILL HER... IF YOU COME AFTER ME!

A MIRACULOUS TOSS BY DAVE CAUGHT GRAHAM...
THERE!
GOOD WORK, DAVE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?
Y-Y-YES... I THINK... SO..


WELL, GRAHAM... THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY WILL ATTEND TO YOU THIS TIME... THAT HOT SEAT IS STILL WAITING!
I'LL NEVER BURN! NEVER! I'LL OUTSMART ALL OF YOU!

BUT FRED GRAHAM WAS WRONG, AS CRIMINALS ALWAYS ARE, AND ON NOVEMBER 12, 1935, IN THE NEW JERSEY ELECTRIC CHAIR, HE PAID IN FULL FOR HIS CRIMES!
THE END

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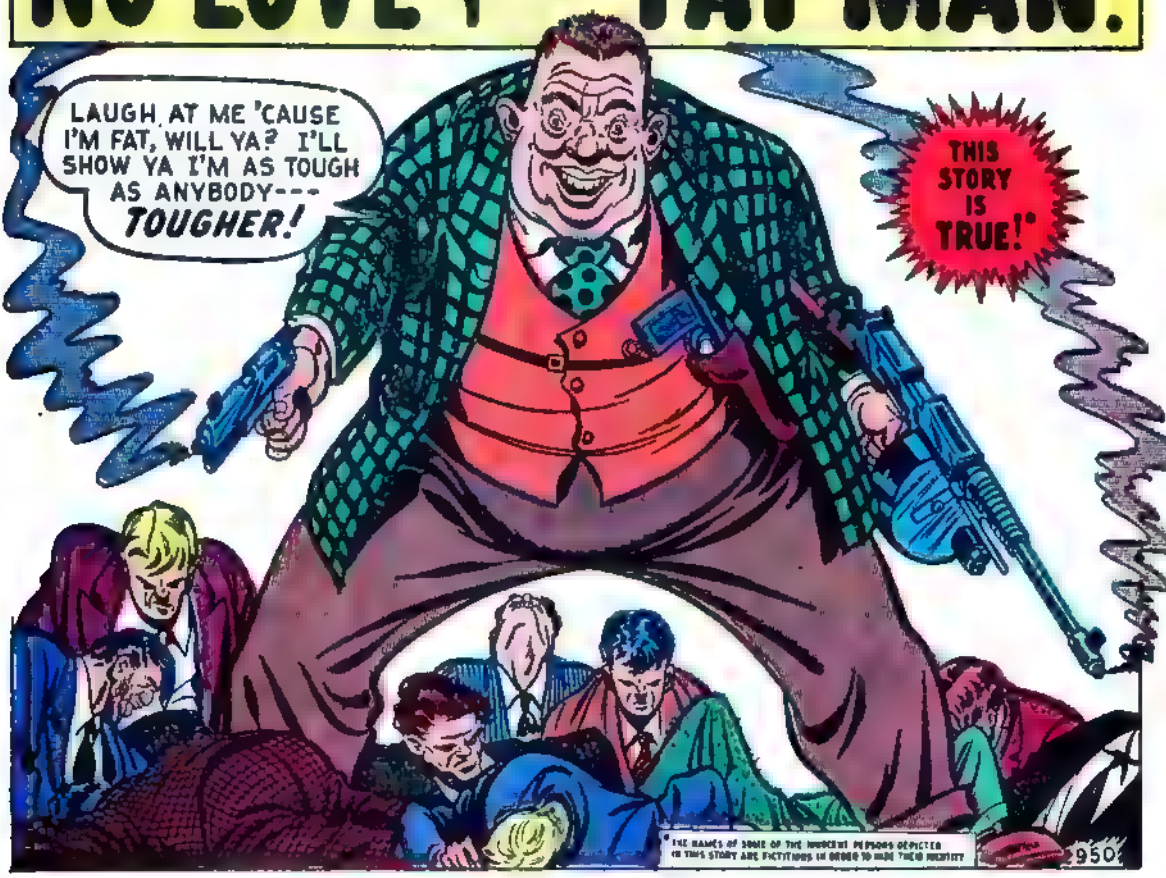
JUSTICE

"THERE IS NO CRIMINAL TYPE!"

THAT IS AN OLD ADAGE OF POLICE WORK... CRIMINALS COME UGLY, HANDSOME, YOUNG, OLD, SHORT, TALL, THIN--- AND FAT! THE EVIL STAIN OF MURDER CAN MARK ANYONE---ANYONE WHOSE MIND IS AS TWISTED AS THIS 350 POUNDS OF MURDERER---A KILLER WHO WAS SURE THERE WAS...

"NO LOVE for a FAT MAN!"


LAUGH AT ME 'CAUSE I'M FAT, WILL YA? I'LL SHOW YA I'M AS TOUGH AS ANYBODY--- TOUGHER!
THIS STORY IS TRUE!"
* THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY
950

IN A MANHATTAN SPEAKEASY, EARLY IN *1931*, FATS McCARTHY TRIED TO WORK INTO A "RACKET"...

WILY McCARTHY COULD TAKE INSULTS WITH A LAUGH..

JUSTICE

BUT WHEN ALONE...HIS LAUGHTER, TURNED TO A VICIOUS, BURNING HATE...

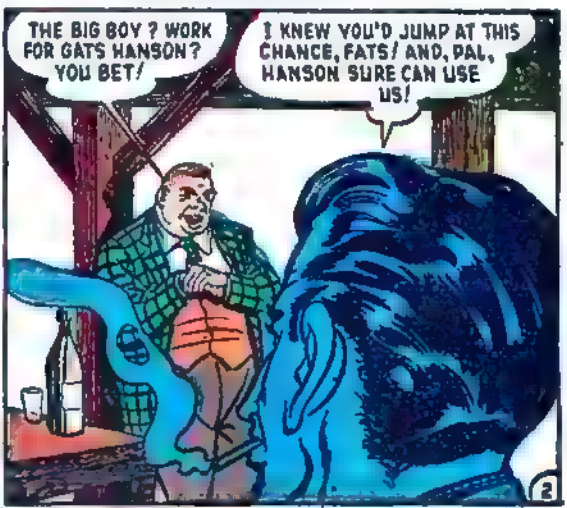
LATER...

AND McCARTHY'S HATE TURNED HIM INTO A FURIOUS, COLD-BLOODED MURDER MACHINE!

SEVERAL DAYS PASSED, AND...

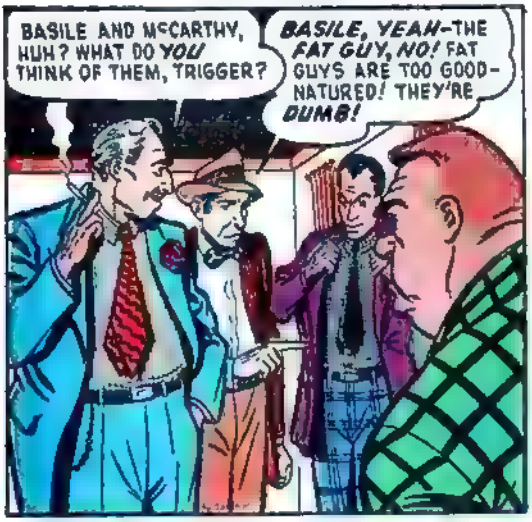
ACTION, HUH? LISTEN TO MIKE BASILE, FATS- I KNOW YOU/YOU'RE A KILLER! EVERYBODY THINKS YOU'RE JUST A GOOD-NATURED FAT BOY, BUT I KNOW!
SPILL, MIKE! YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR CHEST!

NOTHING EVER MADE FATS HAPPIER THAN A CHANCE TO USE HIS BLAZING GUNS...

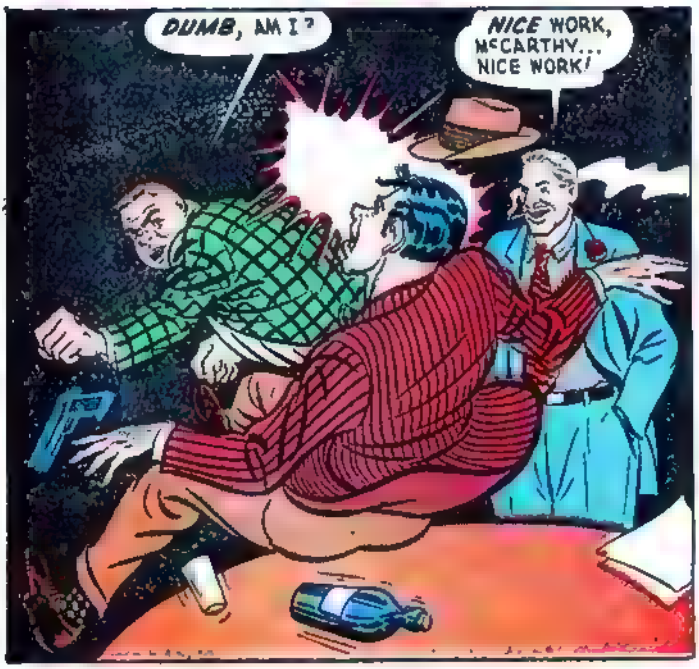


JUSTICE

THE NEXT DAY, McCARTHY AND BASILE REPORTED TO BIG BOY HANSON...


BASILE AND McCARTHY, HUH? WHAT DO *YOU* THINK OF THEM, TRIGGER?
BASILE, YEAH—THE *FAT GUY, NO!* FAT GUYS ARE TOO GOOD-NATURED! THEY'RE *DUMB!*

THE KIND OF INSULT THAT MADE McCARTHY BURN...



THE FURY OF McCARTHY'S REAL NATURE GOT HIM A JOB...

AND HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT...

TRIGGER'S GOING TO FORGET *EVERYTHING* HE KNOWS... *FOREVER!* A BRAIN DON'T REMEMBER SO GOOD WHEN IT'S GOT AN OBSTRUCTION IN IT, LIKE SAY A *BULLET!*
3

JUSTICE

THAT NIGHT A POLICE OFFICER MADE AN URGENT REPORT TO THE STATION HOUSE...

PATROLMAN McCABE, SHIELD NUMBER 3217! SEND THE *MEAT WAGON*, SARGE! "TRIGGER" O'HARA WAS JUST FOUND, WITH A *BULLET* IN HIS SKULL!

AND ACCORDING TO GANGSTER CUSTOM, "TRIGGER" WAS GIVEN A BIG SEND-OFF... IN AN UPTOWN FUNERAL PARLOR, APRIL 3, 1932...

HELLO, BIG BOY... TOO BAD ABOUT "TRIGGER!"

WHY, LIEUTENANT REYNOLDS! THANKS FOR YOUR *INTEREST!* YES, "TRIGGER" IS A GREAT LOSS! HE WAS MY *RIGHT HAND!*

WHO'S THE *FAT* BOY? I KNOW MIKE BASILE!

"FATS" McCARTHY... MY PERSONAL ASSISTANT!

YOU'RE IN THE BIG-TIME, FATSO... DON'T LET YOUR *BLUBBER* GO TO YOUR BRAINS! ONE MISTAKE.. AND *WHAMM!* YOU'LL BE CATCHING VOLTAGE ON THE HOT SEAT!

SMART COP, HUH?

SMART ENOUGH! MAYBE WE DON'T GET YOU THE *FIRST TIME* OR THE *SECOND, EITHER*— BUT *ONE DAY*... IT'LL BE MY PLEASURE!

WHY.. THAT.

TAKE IT EASY, FATS! THAT'S *NAL REYNOLDS*... HE'S TOUGH!

TOUGH? WHAT A LAUGH! SOMEDAY, LIEUTENANT REYNOLDS AND ME ARE GOING TO *TANGLE*... THEN, WE'LL SEE *WHO* IS *TOUGH!*

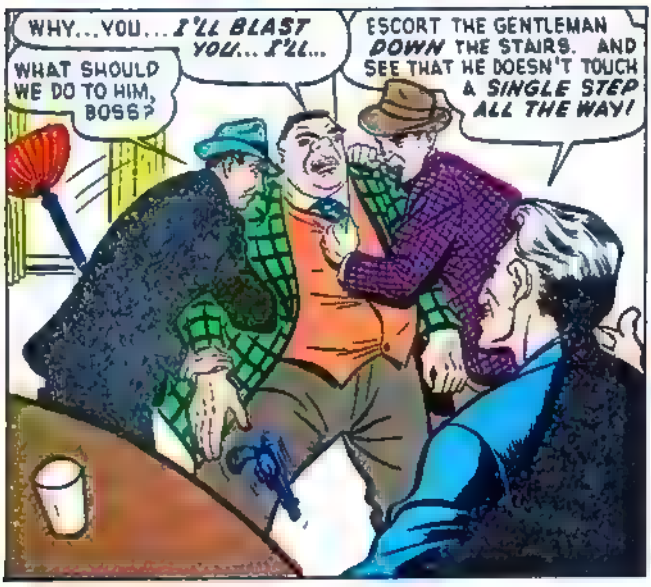
SPARKS FLEW AT THE FIRST TENSE MEETING BETWEEN REYNOLDS AND McCARTHY... BOTH MEN SEEMED TO REALIZE THAT SOMEDAY THEY WOULD HAVE IT OUT!

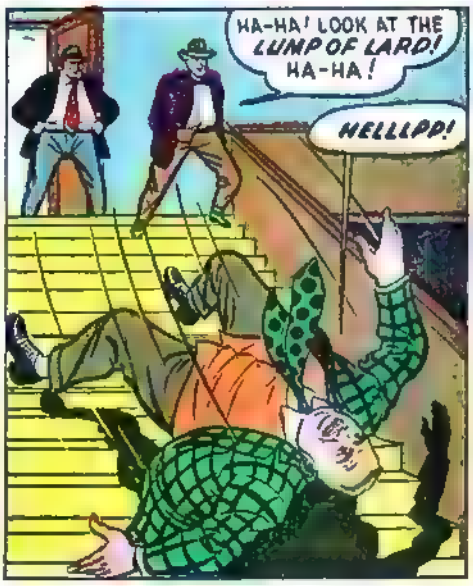
JUSTICE

...WEEKS STRETCHED INTO MONTHS, AND IT WAS JULY, 1931 .

SHUT UP, FATS! YOU'RE GONNA LISTEN! I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUMP LUCKY HIGGINS! SINCE WHEN DID YOU START THINKING FOR YOURSELF? I'M THE BRAINS AROUND HERE!
I THOUGHT LUCKY NEEDED KILLING!

YOU THOUGHT! WHY YOU FAT BABOON!... THERE ISN'T A THOUGHT IN YOUR HEAD! ANOTHER BONER LIKE THAT, AND I'LL PUT YOU BACK IN THE GUTTER, WHERE YOU BELONG!


WHY...YOU... I'LL BLAST YOU... I'LL...
WHAT SHOULD WE DO TO HIM, BOSS?
ESCORT THE GENTLEMAN DOWN THE STAIRS. AND SEE THAT HE DOESN'T TOUCH A SINGLE STEP ALL THE WAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, MIKE JOINED McCARTHY...

IN McCARTHY'S ROOM ..

YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS, FATS! THERE'S ONLY YOU AND ME!
I WAS NEVER MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE! BACK OUT NOW, IF YOU WANT TO BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE WAR ON HANSON AND HIS WHOLE MOB!

THE REFERENCE TO "FAT BABOON" UNLEASHED IN McCARTHY THE CRUELTY AND HATE THAT NO ONE EVER REALIZED HE HAD IN HIM...

JUSTICE

IN THE NEXT DAYS, FATS WREAKED A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE ON THE BIG BOY...

MEANWHILE, GATS HANSON

OKAY, OKAY! I *KNOW* IT LOOKS BAD. BUT McCARTHY IS *NUTS*...KNOCKING OFF *THREE GUYS* IN *ONE DAY!* WE'LL HOLE UP ON THE *FARM* FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS!
OKAY BY US, BOSS!

OUTSIDE...

McCARTHY AVENGES HIS SUPPOSED INSULT, SHOOTING HANSON WITH THE BLOOD-CURDLING UNCONCERN OF A CRAZY MAN!

THE SHOTS DREW THE POLICE...

FRANTICALLY, THE COPS FIRED AFTER THE CAR...

ONE OF THE POLICEMAN'S BULLETS GOT MIKE...

JUSTICE

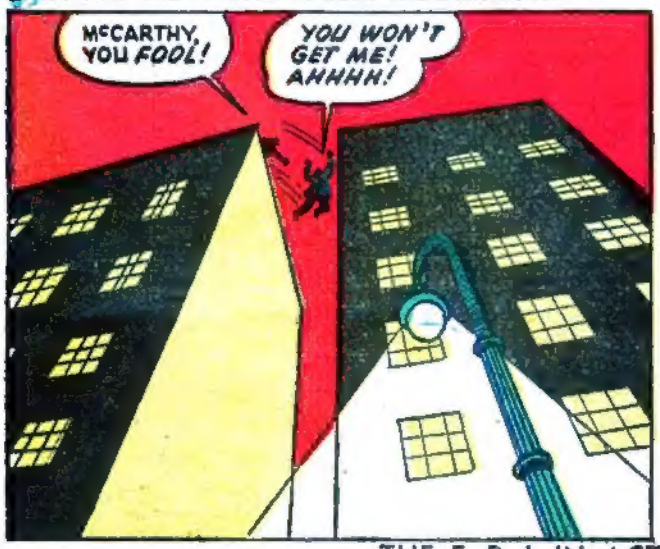
FATS WAS THE PREY NOW, AND NOT THE KILLER OF A FEW MONTHS BEFORE...

AND NOW, FATS WAS *ALONE*, EVEN MIKE WAS GONE!

ON THE ROOF...

YELLOW WAS RIGHT! AND THE TOMMY GUN WAS EMPTY...

FATS HAD ONE CHANCE TO BEAT THE LAW... BUT:...



PHEW! *EIGHT* FLOORS STRAIGHT DOWN!
FATS WAS LIKE ALL THEM-*BRAVE* BEHIND A GUN...A *COWARD* WHEN HE HAD TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE! HE PLAYED *TOUGH*... BUT NEVER FOOLED ANYONE!
THE END

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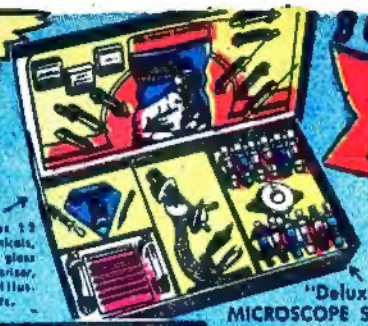

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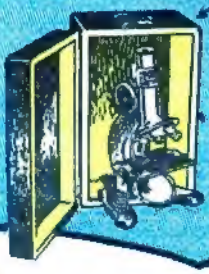

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3. Any old clothes or rags will do, regardless of age or condition, except shoes, socks, raincoats, and lumber jackets.
4. To be acceptable, rags must be clean cotton, and not smaller than the size of a handkerchief.
5. Put clothes in box or tie neatly with rope into bundle. Write your name and address clearly on bundle or box, and address shipment to GIBSON-PAGE COMPANY, INC., 6 North Street, Rochester 4, N. Y.
6. If bundle weighs over 50 lbs., take it to railroad station and ship by freight collect. We'll pay the freight. (Do not use express.) If bundle weighs less than 50 lbs., take it to nearest post-office and ship by parcel post. That's all you do.
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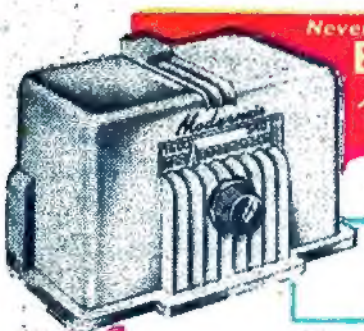

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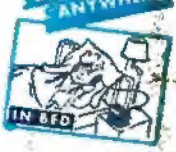

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